Saturday Review

MARCH 14, 1959 / 25¢

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AROUND THE WORLD

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Special Travel Section Edited by Horace

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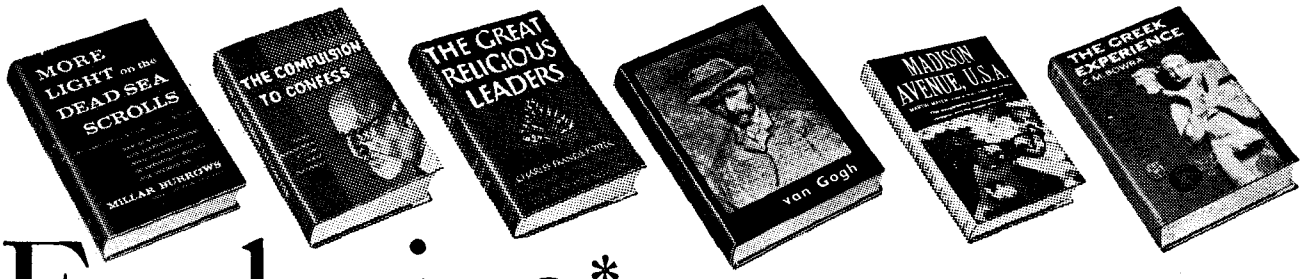

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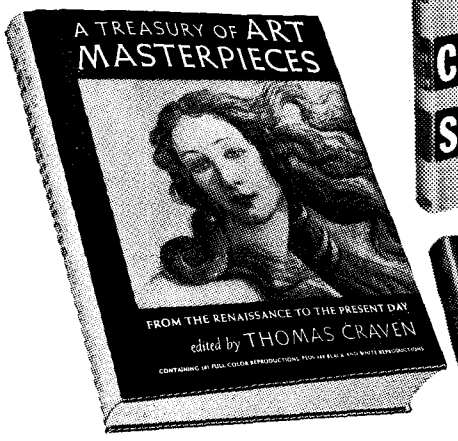

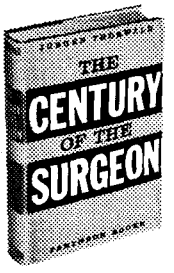

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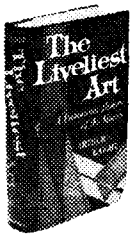

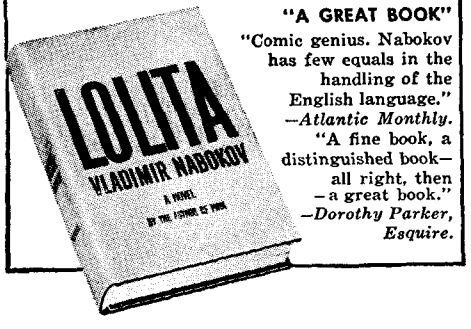

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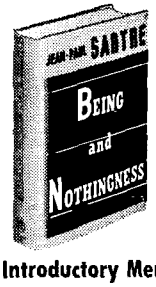

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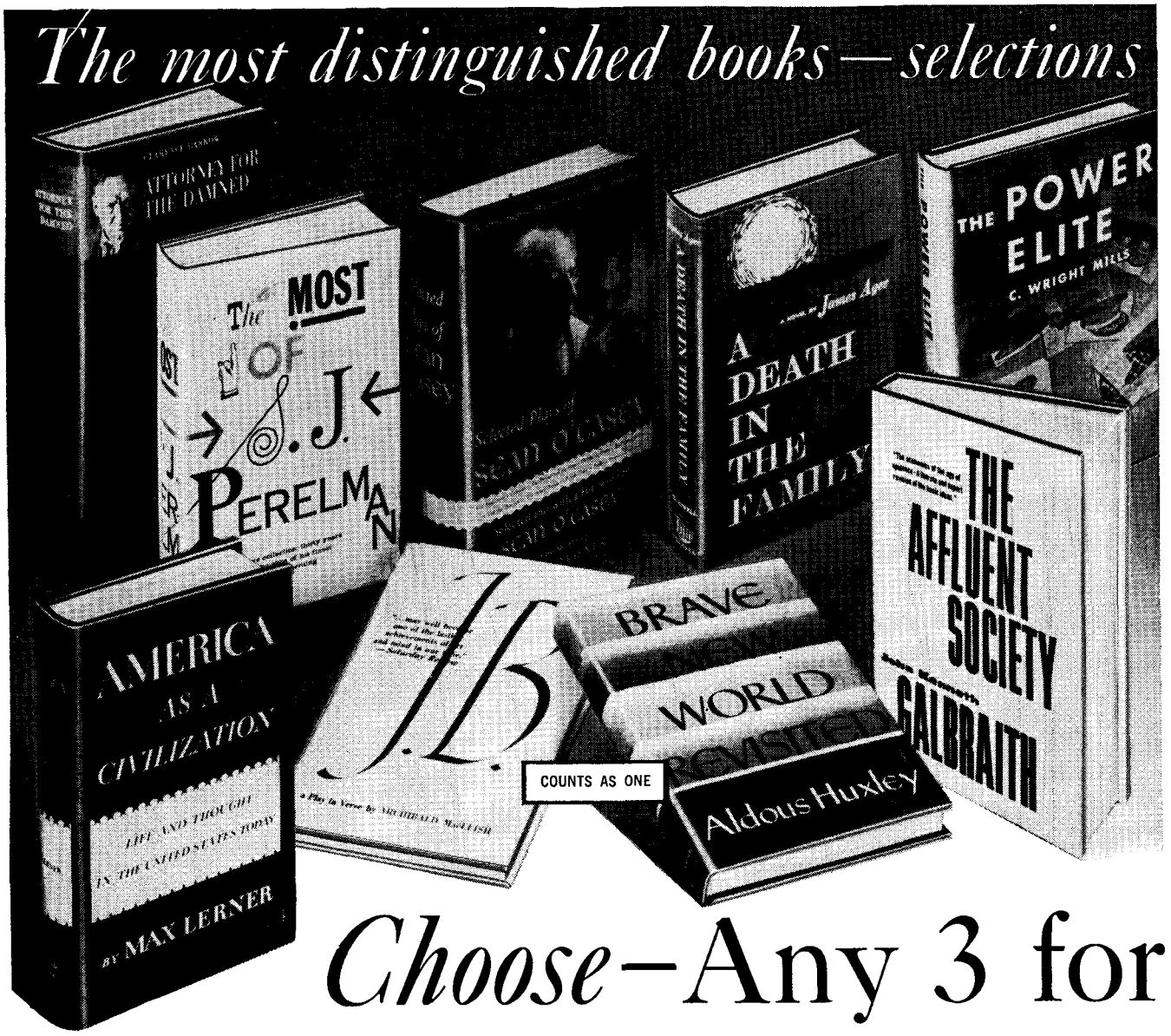

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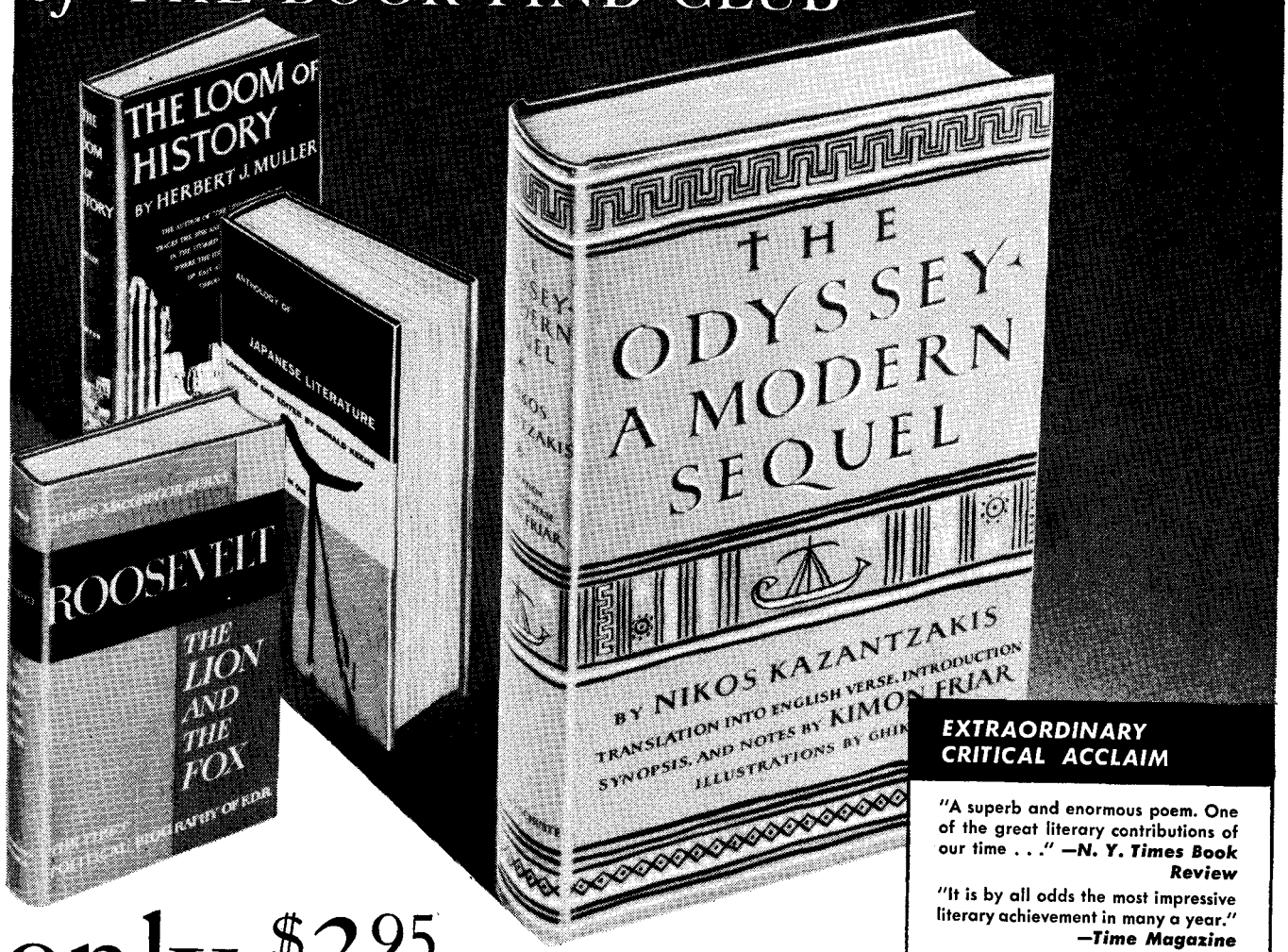

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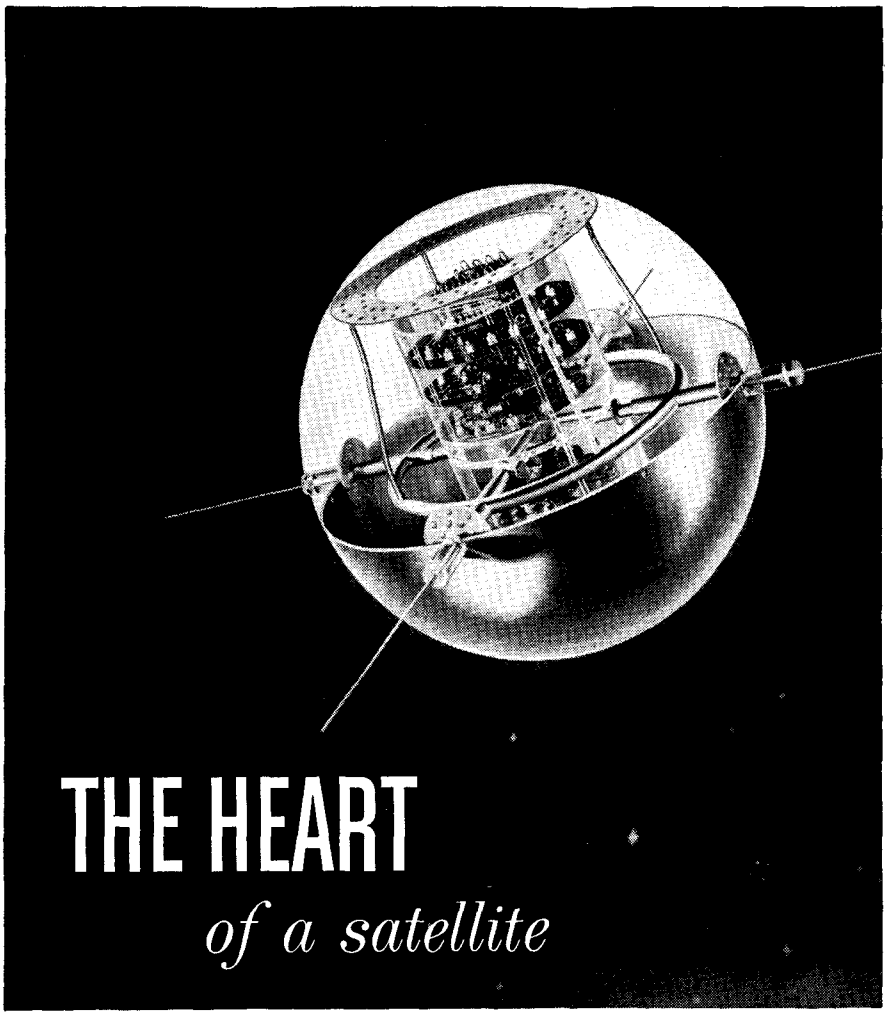

Two Bell inventions, the Transistor and the Solar Battery, still work perfectly in the first Vanguard satellite, in orbit since March 17, 1958.

An astonishing amount of equipment can be packed into an artificial earth satellite. There are devices to measure the temperatures of outer space, for example, and meteorite density, or cosmic ray activity.

Then there are also two small but powerful radios equipped with transistors—the tiny amplifiers invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories—and batteries to power them.

In the Vanguard satellite, shown in the picture above, all of this equipment is in the cylindrical core in the center.

Miniaturization—still a new word—is the reason why small satellites can do big jobs. Hundreds of pounds of equipment have been reduced in size, or "miniaturized," to weigh only a few pounds, and take up little room.

The transistor is a good example of this. About the size of a lima bean, it can do the job of a vacuum tube fifty times larger. It needs so little power that very small batteries can be used. And it's rugged and durable.

The qualities that make the use of transistors imperative in satellites are also used to advantage in more and more new telephone equipment. For example, transistors now help millions of telephone customers to dial their own long distance calls directly. And those who are hard of hearing can order transistor-equipped telephones with adjustable volume control for home or office.

Small as it is, the transistor has already won a big place for itself, and has an even bigger future . . . in the heart of many a satellite yet to orbit, and in the heart of tomorrow's better telephone service. Thus Bell System science finds new ways to new worlds of communication.

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Saturday Review

MARCH 14, 1959

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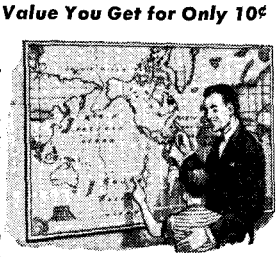

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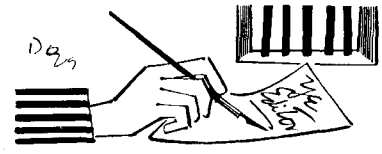
ONE OF THE LARGE news magazines, the name of which reminds me of a clock, ran a piece last month about the "penal press." Apparently, the editors had the natural misconception that, because these many publications are



put out and read by men who are incarcerated, they must come close to the edge of indecency or something, that the word convict and editor couldn't possibly go together.

Well, I've read a number of these magazines over the years, and I have come to the conclusion that some good editors are behind bars. (This is a corollary of my main theorem, that some free editors ought to be. More than once have I run up to a cop and cried, "Arrest that man!" When we all get to the police station, where I charge the man with rejecting a manuscript, they let him go.) I have found these intramural publications to be unselfconscious and pragmatic. I have never had the impression that the editors and contributors were always struggling to contain some evil force within. The weekly newsmagazine admitted that convict journalists and their papers were "respectable." It also remarked that, "The prison press must publish under conditions that would ulcerate an editor on the outside."

Ah, now the good editors have replied! In the current issue of *The Raiford Record*, published at the Florida State Prison, there's a fine editorial which is too long to reprint in full here. I hope it is meant to speak for the penal press in general, for it is a beautiful statement of purpose as well as a respectable way of smartening up *Time*, the news magazine.

"Respectable papers and respectable workmen," says the *Record* in part. "We like to think that is so. If respectable is synonymous with quality, it is our goal to be respectable. We know that our workmen could hold their own anywhere. And through the experience gained in producing periodicals of commercial standards with very limited equipment, they should be easily assimilated into the free community."

As for that stuff about working under ulcerating conditions, the convicts of *The Raiford Record* wrote:

"That raises our editorial hackles. We have no union trouble in our printing department, no threats of walkouts. We have no juggling to do to keep Advertiser A happy with the pap that Advertiser B wants; and our circulation figures have no relation to what we print.

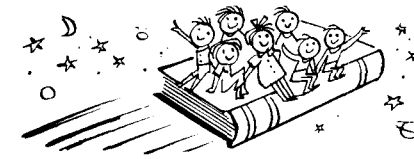
"Censorship? Certainly, but no more censorship than is imposed upon any publication in the free world that feels an obligation to the public. The only censorship this editor is aware of is that type of censorship that dictates decency and good taste. There are, of course, facts that we do not publish; just as there are facts that one person does not communicate to his neighbor; just as there are facts that *Time* does not print . . ."

Bravo. All you free editors with ulcers, turn yourselves in!

FROM MRS. W. B. FRACKELTON of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, comes an expression of annoyance, which, she says, reflects the feelings of her fellow Oconomowockians:

We are sick, alas, alack
Of poems and prose by Pasternak,
And join the swelling chorus
Of those who spell him Bore-us.

LAST FALL, SIMON AND SCHUSTER published a book called "Something Foolish, Something Gay," a collection of nine stories by Glen and Jane Sire about the same teen-age couple, Laurie and Sammy. Apparently, the world is ripe for stories about healthy, happy, nontortured, unbeat kids, for the book has taken off like a missile.



It's in a second printing; the authors make speeches and radio-TV appearances on the Coast where they live; reprint rights have been sold to Berkeley Books; dramatic rights are being picked up; Glen is writing a new novel; and there are no more children.

When I say no more children, I really mean no additional children. The Sires are a young couple who have been making a living writing since six years ago when they moved

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THE GUITAR THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

[NUMBER VII]

¡The whiskey flows like tequila and the patio rings with song! Or so we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are given to understand by the American journalist Mr. Stanton Delaplane; he who at Shannon discovered Irish Coffee and carried its darksome, luscious fame to the West. On Patrick's Day [he says] there is a gala attended by Mexicans of Irish descent with names such as Juan O'Gorman, Patricio Healey, Chico Hanratty, and various Sres. Gilhuli, Obregon, and Borzani. ❧ The orthography of some of these fine names has suffered in the translation. Gilhuli becomes apparent once you put your tongue to it. And Obregon was once O'Brien. Try as we will there is nothing for it but Borzani must have had an Irish mother and more power to him, say we, carrying on for the distaff side in a foreign land with nought to hold him but vicarious green memories. ❧ We imagine the proceedings themselves, except they conform to local ground rules, are graced by the usual merry laughter and mellifluous caroling. And any amount of brave toasts in burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey. ❧ And what, we now ask ourselves, happens in other far-flung spots? In Scarsdale? In Minneapolis? In O'maha? In Macao? We would like to know and any account that you care to give us of your Patrick's Day goings-on will do much to set our minds at rest. We shall very likely compile the findings into an attractive report which we'll send you in good time. In any event we'll write to tell you what we did.

[ST. PATRICK'S DAY RESPONSE FORM]

(Air Mail is 15c; Surface 8c)

Dear Whiskey Distillers of Ireland, P. O. Box 1865, Dublin, Ireland:

Since you ask, on St. Patrick's Day I_____

_____

_____ ☐ *Dunphy's Original Irish,* ☐ *John Jameson,* ☐ *Gilbey's Crock O'Gold,* ☐ *John Locke,*

☐ *Old Bushmills,* ☐ *Murphy's,* ☐ *Paddy,* ☐ *Tullamore Dew,* ☐ *Power's Gold Label.*_____

_____

_____

Slainte !

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Country*_____

©1959, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND *(Our next, on the 28th March, will consider how one should lead one's life between St. Patrick's Days.)*

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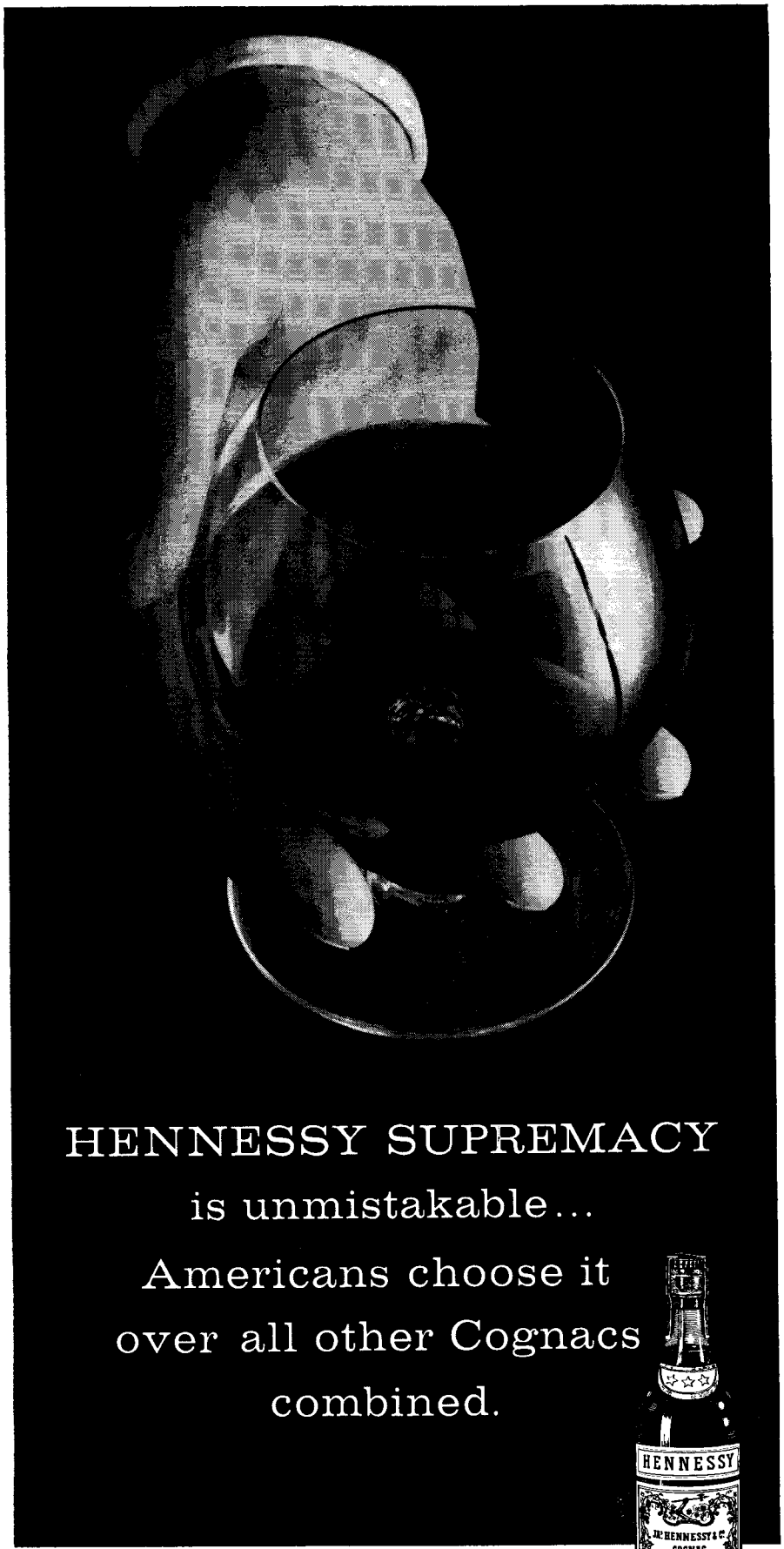

to Mexico with $600 and three children. Now living in Anaheim, California, they have seven children and it would cost $600 just to buy shoes for them. Fortunately only three kids are in school, so only they have footwear. These offspring run from Laura, about ten, down to the twins, about two years old. The Sires have no servants, and they have worked out what they call a highly organized evasion of the Child Labor Laws. Jane writes me:

"There is a good deal of discussion in informed circles these days about whether or not children should have little chores to do about the house, in order to make them feel wanted and needed. I don't know whether it makes them feel wanted or needed, but in a family this size, it is a question of survival. For the parents. Vacuuming, dish washing, floor mopping, phone answering, lawn mowing, baby tending, bed making, window washing—these and many other tasks are all performed by, if not eager, at least numerous hands. The twins are pretty disorganized, good only for occasional public relations work and for emptying waste baskets (on the rug). Everybody else works."

Remuneration runs from fifty cents an hour down to pennies, bubble gum, trading stamps—anything. The Sires reply to charges of discrimination by quoting what J. P. Morgan is supposed to have remarked, when asked about his $12-a-week clerk—"Well, that's what they'll work for." The Sire children do better than Morgan's people; they get a one per cent cut of their parents' earnings.

How can they earn anything? you'll ask. How can they do any writing in a menage with seven kids under eleven? Easy. They built a soundproof room-within-a-room inside the garage. (Don't ask me where they keep the car.) You get to it through two doors, and several layers of acoustical tile—a sort of thermos-bottle effect. Glen and Jane take turns working in this room, but if one gets lonely one turns on the intercom and all the noises of the outside world are piped in for relief. While one Sire is writing, the other usually takes all the others to the Orange Drive-In or Disneyland, each being approximately four blocks away. If "Something Foolish, Something Gay" does well enough, these people are going to get an automatic dishwasher and an electric clothes dryer. I won't rest easy till they do.

LITTLE ENOUGH PUBLICITY has been given to the State Department's "Operation Peace Pipe." This is an interesting, if minor, development in our attempt to improve our knowledge of other countries and to better international rela-

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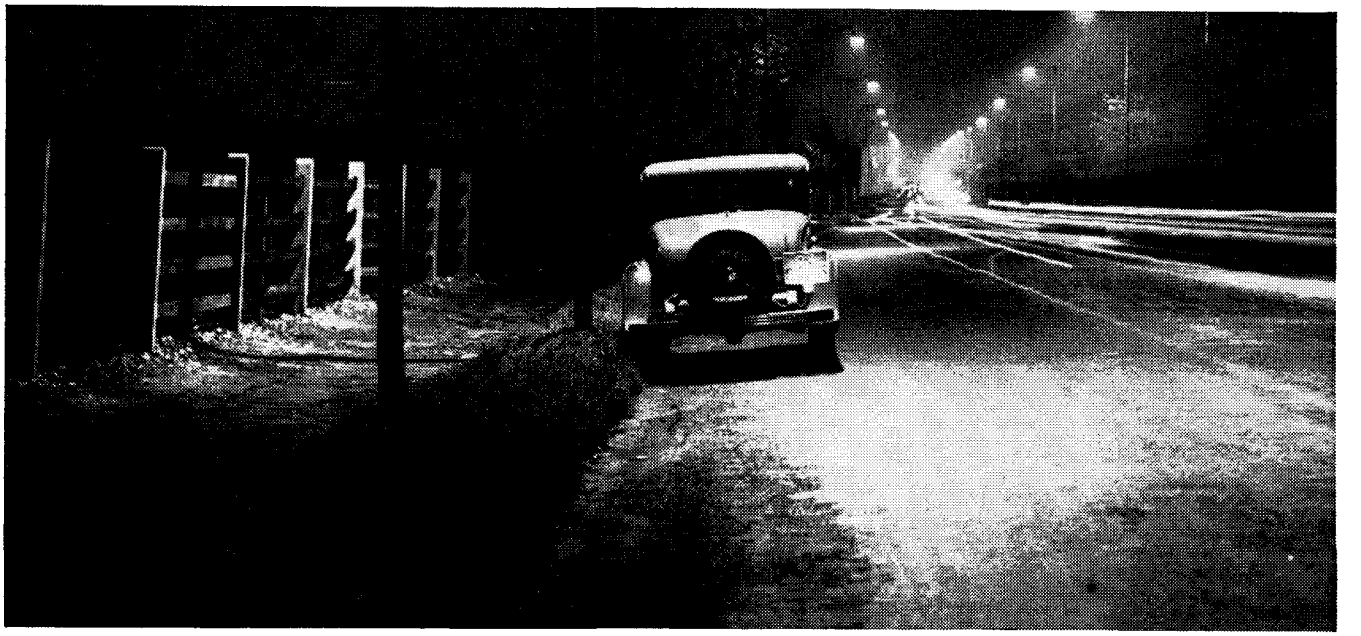


When your teenage daughter is out on a date do you lie awake worrying?

IS IT BECAUSE you're afraid she won't know what to do or how to act in the difficult situations that may arise . . . because you have neglected to tell her what she needs to know about sex?

Are you worried about what may happen because you've put off having that important talk out of fear, shame or laziness? Your teen-ager — boy or girl — is learning about sex right now. What are they learning — *and from whom?* Will they know enough to protect themselves? Will they think of sex as something frightening? Or will their attitudes be healthy and happy?

What they *think* they know may hurt them

It is difficult to be an adolescent today, when youngsters of 16 have cars, go steady, and find themselves in situations you weren't even allowed to read about at 16. But it is even more difficult to be the parent of an adolescent. The trouble is that it's what they *think* they know about sex that can hurt them. Sex may not have changed, but attitudes have, and that's where the danger lies. Don't let your embarrassment rob your children of the knowledge they must have, and the confidence they need, during this crucial stage of their lives.

Here's the solution to your problem

Maxine Davis, noted author of *The Sexual Responsibility of Woman*, has written a book especially for today's teen-agers. In language they can understand and respect, and not in condescending platitudes, she tells them everything they should know about sex.

Taking into account the sophistication of the modern teen-ager, and everything that modern psychology has taught us about people and their emotional and physical drives, Maxine Davis talks about all the things your teenagers have probably talked about already with their friends, but what she has to say is authoritative, understanding, helpful.

This is a book you can give your teen-age sons and daughters with full confidence that it will provide the knowledge, the guidance, the cautions and the reassurance they must have to grow up as normal, happy, healthy adults in this modern age.

Leading doctors praise Maxine Davis' book

"This book's healthy frankness which is never coarse should help to ameliorate somewhat the inordinate amount of tension that many parents seem to develop when any situation of a sexual nature arises during the child's development." — *H. I. Harris, M.D.*

"I don't see how a boy or girl could help obtaining benefit from reading this book." — *Dana L. Farnsworth, M.D., Director,* HARVARD UNIVERSITY HEALTH SERVICE

"Many mothers ask what would be a good book for their teen-ager who wants to know more about the facts of life. A good discussion of this subject is *Sex and the Adolescent* . . . written by that able and fine woman, Maxine Davis. She has succeeded in the difficult task of writing frankly about usually tabooed subjects."—*Walter C. Alvarez, M.D.,* EMERITUS CONSULTANT IN MEDICINE, MAYO CLINIC

"It has the facts, force and finesse for the best contribution to the subject to date." —*R. Bretney Miller, M.D.*

Partial Table of Contents, to give you an idea of the scope of Maxine Davis' book.

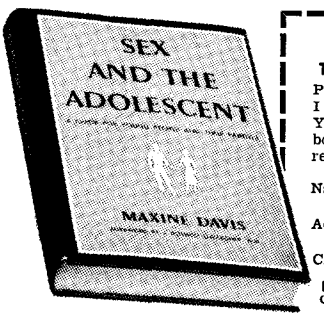
PART I — About Boys. The Anatomy of Sex — The Man • Signs of sexual maturity • Sexual stimuli • Sexual expression during adolescence • The facts about masturbation • "Wet" dreams • Homosexuality, what it is and is not • The questions boys ask of each other their real answers.

PART II — About Girls. The Anatomy of Sex — The Woman • Becoming a woman • Time-table of physical and sexual growth • How babies are born.

PART III — About Boys and Girls Together. Dating and petting — serious, important parts of maturing • How far? Going steady, the case for and against • The great debate: sexual intercourse before marriage • Examination of new attitudes • Contraception • Syphilis and gonorrhea • Pregnancy • Abortion • Early marriage, pro and con • Sexual abnormality • Why parents act the way they do.

SEX and the ADOLESCENT

By MAXINE DAVIS



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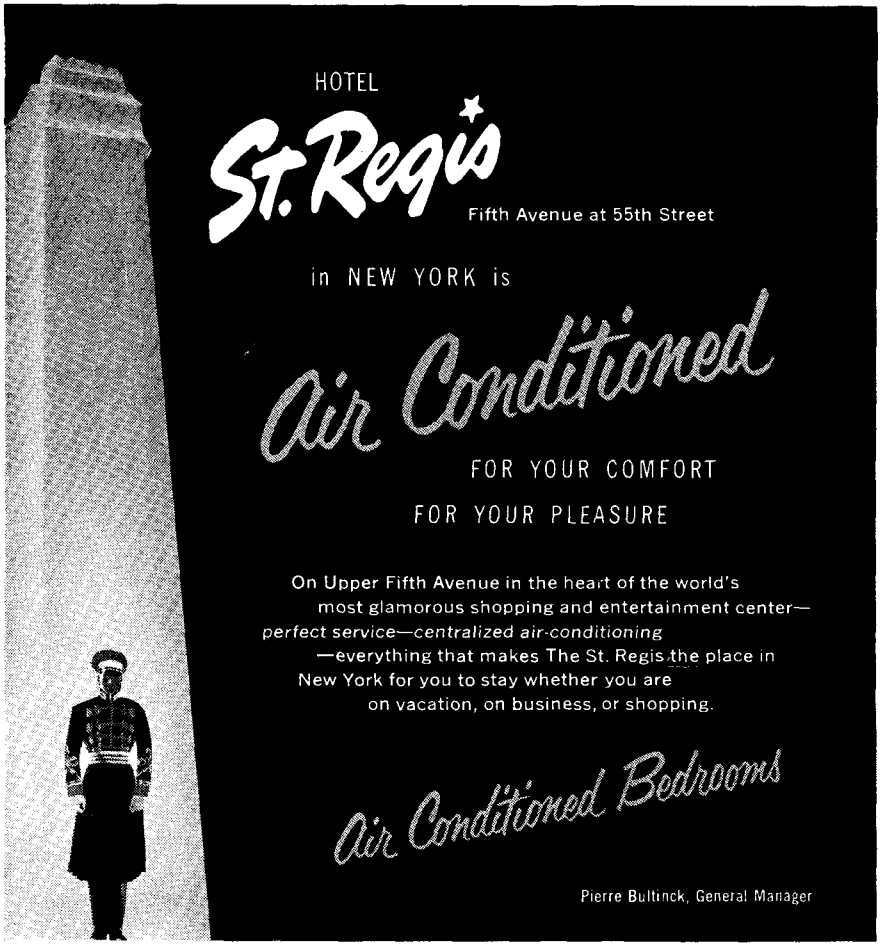
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On Upper Fifth Avenue in the heart of the world's most glamorous shopping and entertainment center—perfect service—centralized air-conditioning—everything that makes The St. Regis the place in New York for you to stay whether you are on vacation, on business, or shopping.
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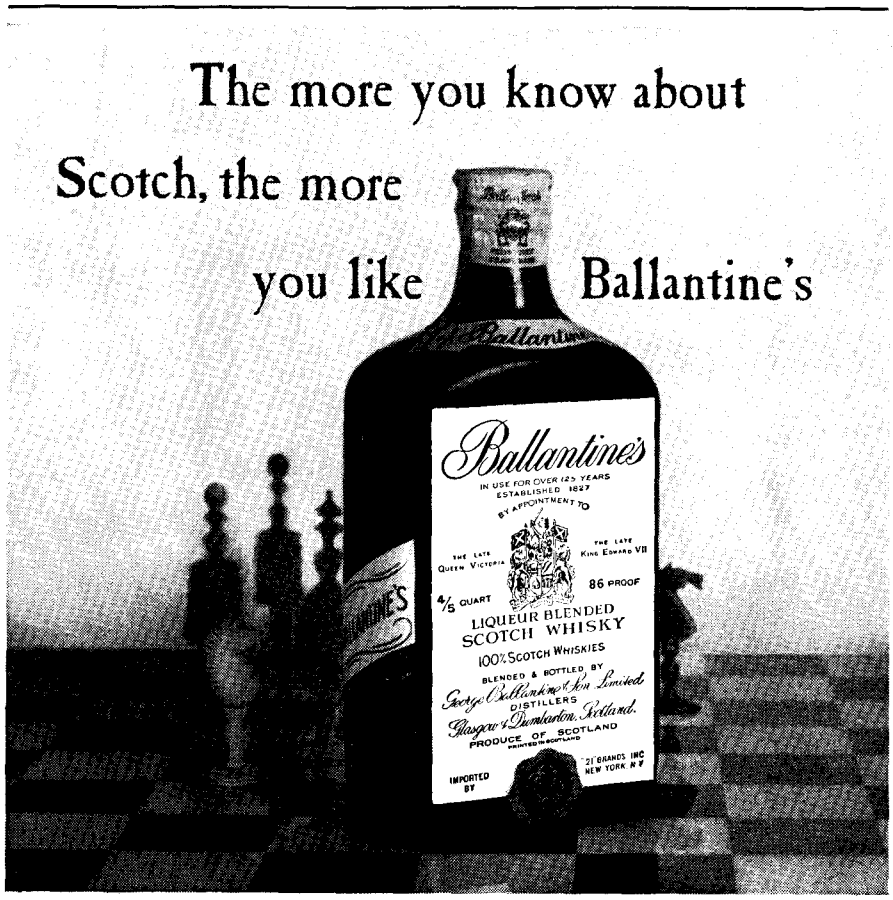
Pierre Bultinck, General Manager



"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. 86 PROOF
ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

tions. "Operation Peace Pipe" was established about ten years ago. It was decided to organize a group of scholars who would study all the past treaties of the world, especially those made by the Soviet Union and the United States, to determine why they are either kept or broken, and whether there are certain words, phrases, clauses and terms which could be the key to the future effectiveness of a new treaty.

The report of the "Operation Peace Pipe" results has been suppressed. It turned out that most of the broken treaties that were found available for study contained key words like "Great White Father," or "Happy Hunting Ground," or "paleface speaks with straight tongue," or "heap big reservation."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Here's something you ugly Americans should be interested in. A small Southeast Asian country, where pink is the sacred color, used only in connection with high religious ceremonies and worn only by royalty, has delivered many strong notes to our State Department, protesting vainly against our constant description of their sacred color as "shocking."

► Mike Gross, who is interested in this sort of thing, said that he passed a bookshop display that was so messed up he didn't know whether it was a window in a store or a store in a window.

► It will be denied, but the free-lance writers are dickering with Hoffa. Not for his life story, but to get him to organize this down-trodden class of citizens. Feeling is that editors will buy more and pay more if they're dealing with the Teamsters instead of the literary agents.

► March of Science: The other day we received an airmail letter from Bangkok. It should have had marvelous stamps pasted all over it. But it had gone through a postage meter, and a Siamese postage meter is no more romantic than a Brooklyn postage meter. What are the stamp collectors going to do about this?

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1302)

Thor Heyerdahl:
AKU-AKU

The shepherd spoke of Hotu Matua as naturally as an Englishman would of Queen Victoria. It was unthinkable to him that any people might not know about this alpha and omega of Easter Island, a sort of hybrid between Adam and Columbus.

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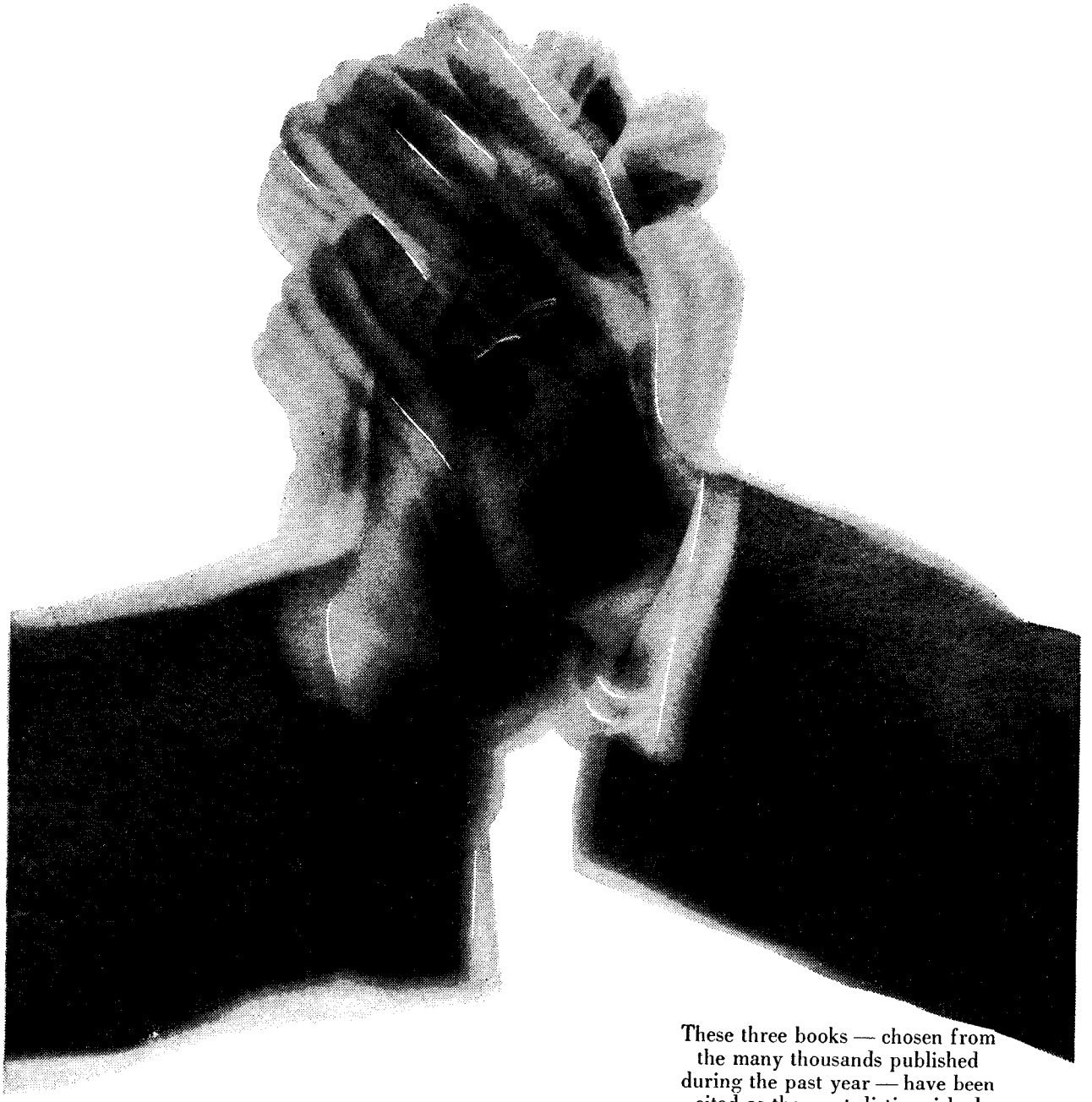

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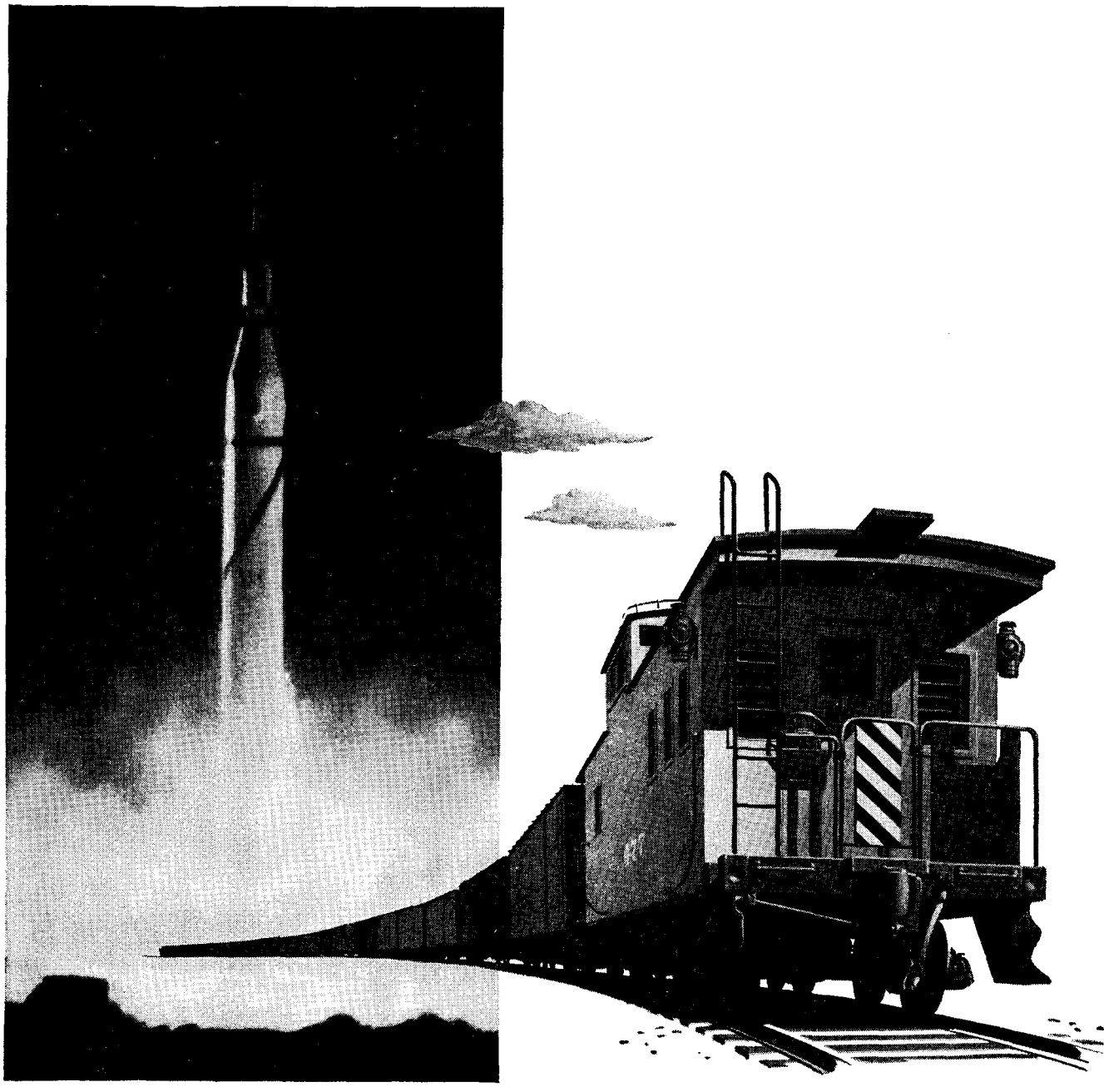


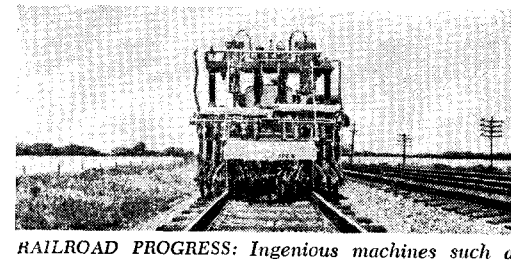
America's giant new missiles take shape on rails of steel

Another example of how railroad progress goes hand in hand with U. S. progress

One of the most exciting and dramatic developments in America today is to be found in the skies above Cape Canaveral — as our mighty missiles thrust into outer space, exploring the frontier of the future.

America's progressive railroads are essential to almost every phase of missile production . . . hauling tremendous loads of raw materials, steel, electronic equipment, assemblies and subassemblies. No other form of transportation can do these great jobs with the efficiency and economy of the railroads.

The railroads are vital to America's defense and to the growth of its economy. The country — you — couldn't do without them.



RAILROAD PROGRESS: Ingenious machines such as this air-pressure ballast tamper help to assure smooth rides for passengers and freight.

AMERICA MOVES AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS

Association of American Railroads, Washington, D. C.

ESSENTIAL TO THE NATION'S ECONOMY

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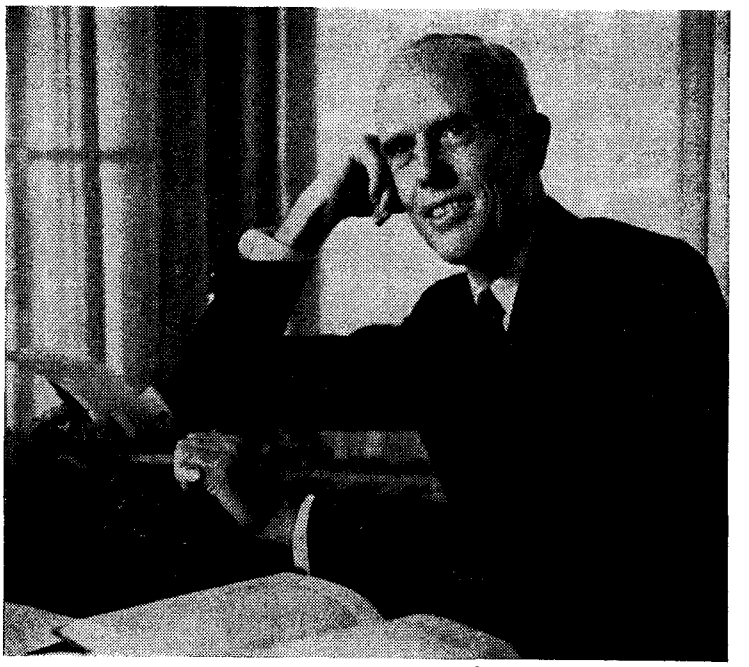
Saturday Review
MARCH 14, 1959

AMERICAN EDUCATION'S GREATEST NEED



—Alburtus (Yale News Bureau).

The familiar complaint of the university president—that the business of running a university provides little time or scope for taking care of educational matters—never has been as brutally true as it is today. Every now and then, however, pure and clear sounds are heard on the bugle. Recently, A. Whitney Griswold, president of Yale University and author of "Liberal Education and the Democratic Ideal" (Yale Univ. Press), sounded such a call at a meeting commemorating the eighty-third anniversary of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. The newspaper accounts of Dr. Griswold's talk emphasized his concern over the stifling power of big-time athletic programs. The talk, however, went far beyond the theme of suffocation-through-sports into the fundamental problems facing the educator. SR *is pleased to share with its readers a large portion of Dr. Griswold's message.*

By A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

AS WE follow the debate over our educational system, that system's greatest need becomes increasingly clear. It is not money: we have plenty of that. It is not educational facilities or teachers' salaries: we could provide for both of these liberally if we were only willing to pay for them. It is not curricular reform: we have the skills and the knowledge to accomplish that, too. The greatest need of all, since all others wait upon it, is a sense of purpose. I do not mean a stated purpose. There is no lack of stated purposes in our catalogues and matriculation ceremonies and baccalaureate addresses. Nor do I mean the *ad hoc* purpose of defending ourselves against possible Russian aggression, vital as that is. I mean a combination of faith and conviction that impels us to take our stated purposes seriously, to have the moral courage to practice what we preach. I mean, too, the intellectual honesty to measure what we do against clearly defined criteria consistent with our stated purposes and not against expediency however disguised as "public relations."

The question is how to induce that sense of purpose. I do not think fear of the Soviet Union will do it. It has awakened us, perhaps, but I do not think we can count on it for much more than that. You cannot frighten people into the sustained intellectual effort, the concentration and self-discipline required by education. Adults are more likely to respond to fear by seeking some more immediate outlet for their emotions, something with the word "crash" in it. For children, on the other hand, the fear of Russia is abstract and unreal. If fear is to be used at all as an educational incentive, it will be much more effective with the young in forms more significant to them, such as a good birching. Yet even this pedagogical use of fear, as most experienced teachers will testify, is inferior to ordinary curiosity, not to mention love and hope, as an aid to learning. I am not suggesting that our children must love the Russians or hope much from them; but I am suggesting that they are naturally more curious about them than they are fearful of them, that they would rather get along with them than hate them, and that they would much rather hope for reciprocity in this sentiment than resign themselves to the next and final irrepressible conflict; and I am quite sure that in all these respects, the child is father of the man.

We cannot be blind to the mortal threat Russia poses to our liberty and our security; we cannot be satis-

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The Strange Horses

By R. G. Everson

OBVIOUSLY profound, four pastured horses
Are standing motionless their Sunday off.
Ordinary horses in fields crop grass
Or gallop or roll. These horses are Socrates.
A problem occurring to him early one morning,
Socrates stopped in mid camp to think.
He couldn't solve the problem; he kept standing.
By noon some other soldiers observed in wonder
The sage had stood motionless since early morning.
Ionians brought their bedding out after dinner
And kept an eye on Socrates all night to dawn.
He stood until the sun rose. My horses
Are obviously profound. Much is unknown.

---

fied with anything less than an educational system every bit as strong as Russia's and stronger. We must not be blinded into destroying both our liberty and our security by allowing fear of Russia to translate itself into too close a tactical imitation of Russia. We dare not do this if for no other reason than because, by the suppression of our liberties, we might stifle the creative imagination of individuals upon which we depend for our security. The way Hitler drove the atomic scientists out of Germany is an object lesson. Such are the outer limits of fear of Russia as an educational incentive.

EVIDENCE of nearer limits comes from nearer home. I have in mind the recent case of two Brooklyn high school graduates, who resigned from an out-of-state university where they held basketball scholarships and played as stars on one of the nation's first-ranking basketball teams. One had majored in physical education, the other in recreation. The first said that he found his academic duties so inconsequential that when he was not playing basketball he would go to his room "and just sit there." This led him to realize that "there was something more to going to college than playing basketball." The second explained, "I wanted to take a business course but they didn't have one there, so I took the recreation course, even though I don't want to be a coach or a teacher. But I realized I couldn't eat the basketball when I finished college." It is hard to discover any fear of Russia among the educational motives revealed by this episode.

Except for its conclusion, the episode is typical of a widespread attitude that shows no sign whatsoever of comprehending the significance of Russia to American education and no sense of purpose for our educational institutions higher than using them as promoters of spectator sports. This is the attitude that supports the national traffic in athletic scholarships. All kinds of stated purposes are offered in justification of such scholarships, elaborately premised on the educational welfare of the recipient. Doubtless individual cases can be cited of brands snatched from the burning. For the most part, the traffic constitutes one of the greatest educational swindles ever perpetrated on American youth. Its aim is not the education of that youth, but the entertainment of its elders; not the welfare of the athlete, but the pleasure of the spectator.

It works in wondrous ways to undermine the structure of American education. Whether cause or symptom, it is part of the general collapse of amateurism in American athletics and the hypocrisy practiced in its name. It slows the wheels of educational reform as, for example, when consolidations of small, substandard high schools are blocked by local followers of the schools' basketball and football teams. Worst of all, it confuses educational values in the minds of its supposed beneficiaries. Not only does it impel them to select their colleges or universities for reasons irrelevant to their own education as well as to the stated purposes of those institutions, but it also sets a bad example that is honored by imitation. When (as is often done) the list of athletic scholarships offered to each member of the graduating class is read out at high school commencements, the seekers of *bona fide* educational scholarships, eager for glory after their lights, are tempted to put themselves on the auction block, to see how many offers they can collect before selling out to the highest bidder instead of selecting their colleges or universities according to educational criteria relevant to their own educational aims. The Cold War continues and so does the athletic scholarship racket as if Russia did not exist.

We should look elsewhere than to Russia for the sense of purpose of which American education stands in need. We should look into our own history, our own character, our own hearts and consciences. There we shall find our sense of purpose—the sense of purpose that in 1647, to foil "that old deluder Satan" and to ensure "that learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers," passed the first general education act in history; that founded nine colleges, most now grown to universities, before we achieved our independence as a nation; that enacted the Land Ordinance of 1785, setting aside one lot in every township "for the maintenance of public schools within the said township"; that passed the Morrill Act, the Magna Charta of our state universities, in 1862, in the midst of a hot war that nearly destroyed the nation, just a few weeks before the disastrous second Battle of Bull Run; and that founded Johns Hopkins University in 1876 and the alma mater of its first President in 1701. There we shall find, too, the philosophy that informed these actions propounded for us in such writings as John Adams's "Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law" and his Constitution for Massachusetts, and Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," and his "Bill for the More General Diffusion of Knowledge." It is one of the greatest ironies of history that we, who are heirs to such a birthright and who have led the world in bringing educational opportunities to our people, should wait for the Russian *deux ex machina* to scare us into further progress along this path. The sense of purpose we need today is consummate within our own tradition.

THE question, then, is how that sense of purpose is to be recovered. Must it await a general cultural and moral awakening of the American people as a whole, or is there some way in which our educational system itself may induce or at least contribute to its recovery?

One thing most of us who are engaged in the profession can, I think, agree upon is the profoundly important role played by the community in American education. This is a dominant theme of Mr. Conant's recently published report on our high schools; indeed, it could be called *the* dominant theme. So diversified are the environmental conditions within which our 21,000 public high schools exist that there is, he says,

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"no such thing as a typical American high school," therefore "it is impossible to draw a blueprint of an ideal high school." Consistent with this belief, Mr. Conant lists as the first of three requisites for a good school, "a school board composed of intelligent, honest, devoted citizens who understand that their function is policymaking and not administration." His other two requisites are an able superintendent and a good principal. But the whole tenor of his argument is that the effectiveness of the latter will be severely limited, perhaps nullified, without an enlightened community to support them, and that whatever educational progress we may achieve will consist of a "diversity of solutions of pedagogic problems" determined by "the diversity of the communities served by the high schools."

THIS sensitiveness to community influence also is true of our colleges and universities; in fact, of our educational system as a whole. Universities are removed in varying degree from the direct community pressures felt by the public high school. Yet even these institutions can be strongly influenced, for better or for worse, by the alumni bodies—*their* communities—upon which they largely depend for material and moral support. No educational institution, of any kind, in any age, has been able to separate itself entirely from its community. In our democratic scheme of things our educational system will never be able to cut its umbilical cord to the society that gave it birth.

While this may discourage us from attempting to blueprint the ideal school or the ideal university, it need not cause us to resign ourselves to some vague sort of socio-economic determinism in which each institution is left to beat its way blindly out of its own thicket. It does not mean that an educational revival must wait upon a general cultural revival. I believe that there is something our schools, our colleges, and particularly our universities can do to start the revival and more than that, unless they do it, no revival of any kind may take place.

At the moment, they are threshing about in such a welter of empirical data produced by such an elaborate apparatus of questionnaires, polls, samplings, tests, and studies of tests that their sense of purpose is all but smothered, their stated purposes blurred beyond recognition. Thus, it is reported in a recent analysis of fifty small, independent liberal arts colleges by Messrs. McGrath and Russell of Columbia Teachers College that the liberal arts curricula of these colleges have been penetrated in depth by vocational and pre-professional courses, ranging all the way from business administration to homemaking; that this constitutes a general trend; and that it is opposed only by "conventional wisdom." Vocational courses represent community needs, the report points out. They are perfectly proper in a liberal arts curriculum leading to the bachelor-of-arts degree provided only that they are "maintained on the same level of intellectual operation and generality as the instruction in the older academic disciplines."

The report leaves unanswered the question whether such courses *can* be maintained on the same level of intellectual operation and generality as the older academic disciplines—whether, even in the hands of Socrates, their intrinsic ingredients and inherent character could be made to yield up the same educational value, the same "liberating spirit," to the student-citizen of a free society. This was a question Socrates himself put to his disciples and answered in the negative, as have Aristotle, Mill, Jefferson, Newman, and many another educational philosopher since his time.

The report leaves other relevant matters unexplained. It attaches little weight to the fact that there are other small independent liberal arts colleges, apart from those investigated, in which this trend is not only not apparent but is stoutly resisted. Nor does it acknowledge that in matters of educational philosophy a minority of one may be nearer to the truth than a majority of ninety-nine. Neither does it tell us to what extent the institutions involved in the trend may have been influenced by such factors as economic necessity—the need to keep enrollment (and tuitions) in competition with the great complex state universities in communities which set a higher value upon vocational studies than upon the liberal arts. Moreover, the authors of the report themselves warn against premature specialization, stressing the danger that colleges "in their eagerness to satisfy the demand for professional training may permit this objective to overshadow others concerned with those traits of mind, character, and spirit that typify a civilized human being"; and they call for a program of adult education in the liberal arts to compensate for this probable deficiency.

I DO NOT doubt the factual accuracy of this report. But I think the general impression it conveys is open to serious question. This is the impression of an ineluctable trend in the face of which philosophical ideals are of no consequence and the will of any individual person or institution is paralyzed. Is there nothing we can do to help ourselves? If there is not, the young apprentice setting out on the long uphill climb through secondary and higher education will find his pathway more and more obscure. Already, at age twelve or thirteen, he has been abstracted from a person to an arithmetical formula by testing devices that will regulate the speed and extent of his educational progress as sternly as Calvinism once governed our hopes of salvation. If, in addition to this inhibition of his own innate sense of purpose, the sense of purpose of the institutions in which he studies is not only confused by

(*Continued on page* 64)

"And don't forget you're up against nothing but a bunch of tuition-paying scholars!"

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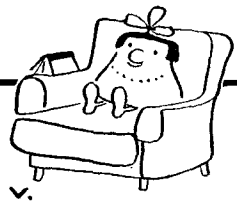

LITERARY HORIZONS

Paperback Reviews

By Granville Hicks

THE paperbound book is a prodigy, a promise, and a puzzle. One has only to step into a well-stocked store—and in New York City there are more and more of them—to know how prodigious the paperback business has become. The promise, too, is realized in such a store, for on the shelves are hundreds upon hundreds of worthy books—introductions to science, recondite treatises on religion and philosophy, masterpieces of the world's literature. But then there are the questions no one seems able to answer: Who buys the paperbacks? Are they really being read? Are they having an effect on the reading habits of the nation?

In "International Literary Annual" (see last week's *SR*) John Unterecker, who has been a diligent student of the paperbacks, offers an interesting theory and an optimistic conclusion. Our educational methods, he thinks, have managed to convince most people that reading books is hard work and that pleasure is to be found elsewhere. But the cheaper paperbacks can be bought like magazines and thrown away like magazines, and therefore the victim of a bad education approaches them without inhibitions. "If he doesn't have to respect literature," Unterecker writes, "he often discovers—to his surprise—that he likes it." The most popular of the paperbacks, to be sure, have been pretty dreadful, but books of considerable merit have sold by the hundreds of thousands, and Unterecker believes that "surprising new audiences for literature are being uncovered."

The Unterecker theory seems plausible so far as the less expensive paperbacks are concerned, but it will not explain the success of those that sell at higher prices—from the neighborhood of a dollar to two dollars or even more. As one looks at the paperbacks published under such imprints as Anchor, Harvest, Compass, Evergreen, and Noonday, one realizes that they are not going to be picked up accidentally but will be purchased only by those who have the habit of reading books. Here, then, the basic fact must be economic: the difference between $5, say, and $1.25 is important to a lot of people. But again there is ground for optimism, for the potential audience for serious books is shown to be much larger than most people had supposed. Unterecker points out, for example, that Jacques Maritain's "Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry" sold more than 35,000 copies in its first two years as a paperback, whereas one might have guessed that you couldn't get that many people to read it if you gave the book away.

One of the major mysteries is the success of the paperback reviews. These reviews, which compete directly with the magazines, seem to be beating them at their own game. Presenting serious, often experimental, sometimes very difficult work, they reach larger audiences than are reached by magazines that offer comparable material.

The oldest of the reviews is *New World Writing*, published by the New American Library, which made its debut in the spring of 1952 and has continued to the present. It was followed in less than a year by *discovery*, published by Pocket Books and edited originally by John W. Aldridge and Vance Bourjaily, later by Bourjaily alone. *Discovery* lasted for six issues. *Anchor Review*, published sporadically by Doubleday, has had two issues. *Evergreen Review*, which appears quarterly, has had six. (The first four have just been bound together in cloth, and Grove Press is selling the volume at $7.50.) The newest comer is *Noonday*, which made its first appearance last fall.

The sales figures are impressive. Bourjaily, in his valedictory, reported that some 150,000 copies of each issue of *discovery* were sold. *New World Writing* is currently being printed in an edition of 100,000. Each issue of *Anchor Review* has sold 20,000 copies, and 20,000 is also the figure for *Evergreen Review*. *Noonday 1*, at last report, had sold 9,000 copies and was still selling.

I have been examining the most recent issues available of *New World Writing*, *Evergreen Review*, and *Noonday*, and I am struck, first, by the fact that each has its own character and, second, by the high level of the material to be found in all of them.

New World Writing has always been heterogeneous, and #14, selling for 75¢, is no exception to that rule. As is often the case, there are special sections. In one of these Robert Graves presents the work of seven poets, along with some diverting comments thereon. The other is an ambitious anthology of Latin American poetry and prose, edited by José Vázquez-Amaral and Francisco Aguilera. Then there are short stories and essays, by both Europeans and Americans. Of the short stories I liked best Ellen Currie's "Moses Supposes." Several of the essays are interesting—Kenneth Rexroth's discussion of jazz, for instance, and Robert Payne's account of the last days of Dostoevsky—but what really delighted me was Dan Wakefield's "Salinger and the Search for Love," an uncommonly penetrating piece of criticism.

Evergreen Review is more like a magazine than the others: it has book reviews, letters from readers, and advertisements. *Evergreen* has come to be regarded as the organ of the Beat Generation, but perhaps its editorial policy could be better described as resolutely avant-garde. Number 6 ($1) does not give much space to the Beat Generation, but it maintains the review's reputation for hospitality to experimental work, and it has the usual international flavor.

Noonday ($1.25) is just as relentlessly highbrow as *Evergreen*, but in a quieter, more dignified fashion. Number 1 sets a high standard, with stories by Boris Pasternak and Isaac Bashevis Singer, sketches by Ernst Juenger, and essays by Karl Jaspers and Nathalie Sarraute. Less comes from the United States than from Europe, but there are several excellent poems, and there is a long, impressive essay by William Earle, a teacher of philosophy at Northwestern University. *Noonday* is the only one of the three reviews I have been considering that I can recommend from cover to cover.

WHY the reviews prosper at a time when most of the more serious magazines seem to be losing ground is a mystery. I can only suppose that they are beneficiaries of the change that paperback publishing has brought about in American reading habits. Only *New World Writing*, I think, is likely to be found on newsstands and in drugstores, and so it is probably the only one that is reaching a new audience. The others are sold mostly where the higher-priced paperbacks are sold, and appeal to the same purchasers. But, even so, they are reaching a sizable public and reaching it with work that does not make the slightest concession to popular taste. John Unterecker seems to be right in his belief that something important is happening.

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Relevant Words Between Roars

"A Southern Moderate Speaks," by Brooks Hays *(University of North Carolina Press. 231 pp. $3.50), echoes the situation of many men of good will seeking a solution to a distressing national problem. Jonathan Daniels, who examines the defeated Congressman's tract, is editor of the* Raleigh *(N.C.)* News and Observer.

By Jonathan Daniels

UNDOUBTEDLY among all the noises, North and South, around the emotional word "integration" the voice of the Southern moderate may sometimes sound, as former Congressman Brooks Hays seems to suggest, only like the murmur of the grass growing or the heartbeat of a squirrel. Perhaps such a voice can be disregarded as almost imperceptible. Maybe between roars it is irrelevant now.

Yet the voice of Mr. Hays, recently rejected as a politician in the furies engendered at Little Rock, deserves attention as that of a man stating the religious and legal faith of one prominent Southerner. As it speaks for the conscience of many Southerners, his book may provide the candle which will light our way. Still, this story as here written chiefly proves that the Pilgrim needs to be wary in the Southern dark. Indeed, Mr. Hays seems in essence to have written a sort of unfinished autobiography of an angel in Bedlam.

Few politicians in our time anywhere, certainly in the South, can qualify for the role of the angel so well as Mr. Hays. An authentic Southerner, he has played a long and useful role as a man concerned with the welfare of poor people in the South, black and white. He worked in New Deal agencies designed to lift low Southern living standards many years before he became an earnest Democratic Congressman and the equally devoted president of the Southern Baptist Convention. Nobody who knows him has ever questioned his good will for all men as both politician and layman. He labored steadily in the vineyard of better race relations. Yet as Southerner, in 1956, he signed the so-called Southern Manifesto protesting the Supreme Court integration decision.

So politically he was squarely and safely in the middle of the road until he put himself really in the middle, in 1957, between Governor Orville Faubus and Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams. There are plenty of Americans today whose opinion of those two men is such that they think Mr. Hays, between them, was lucky to get off with the loss of his seat if he saved his skin.

Yet, such is Mr. Hays's charity that in this book both Sherman Adams and Orville Faubus appear less as the malicious millstones which ground him up than as eminent and far from evil personages. Indeed, while this book leaves entirely untold the climactic write-in campaign with Faubus's support by which Hays was defeated, Faubus sometimes seems almost as much a victim of the circumstances which surrounded him as Hays does.

The result is a strange book. It is rich in its disclosure of the eagerness of many Southerners for solutions of this heated national problem in warm-heart and good will. Yet it avoids the story's own implicit conclusion in omitting the facts about Mr. Hays's own defeat last November. Obviously Mr. Hays does not regard that as the end of the story. He suggests that he is reserving it for future writing which may include a happier ending for himself and for the South.

He leaves us now, however, with an unraveled though revealing recital of the fumbling in the executive offices in Washington and Little Rock which resulted only in more confusion, force, and anger. As such it is a story much sadder than the mistreatment of one well-meaning Congressman who, though beaten by his own people, still has high hope for solutions for them and for his country, too.

"ANIMAL BABIES" (Harper, $3.60), is a collection of Ylla's photographs of mother-and-babies in the animal world. To the pictures poet Arthur Gregor has added a brief text. Most children would agree that the combined pictures-with-words book is almost as good as a journey to the zoo.

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Pundit Reports a Power Failure

***"What's Wrong with U.S. Foreign Policy," by C. L. Sulzberger** (Harcourt, Brace. 255 pp. $4.50), offers an internist's-eye view of the ills in the State Department.* SR*'s critic, Frank Altschul, is chairman of the Committee on National Policy for the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

IF THIS just misses being a book of the utmost importance, the reason is clear. At the outset, the author limits himself to the role of "diagnostician," disclaiming any qualification "to apply the surgeon's knife." And while Mr. Sulzberger's diagnosis is uniformly interesting and at times arresting, the prescriptions which he suggests for an ailing foreign policy hardly carry the conviction that, even if adopted, they would in fact effect a cure in time.

Contrasting the position in which we find ourselves today with that of fifteen years ago, Mr. Sulzberger quotes a former American Ambassador, William C. Bullitt: "Since the Second World War our foreign policy has led us from a pinnacle of power and security into the valley of the shadow of death." Recognizing that there are forces abroad in the world which would inevitably have brought about a material shift in power relationships, he believes that much that we have done and many things that we have left undone have quite unnecessarily contributed to the extent and character of this catastrophic change. As an objective and well-informed observer, he presents an indictment of our national conduct that makes far from pleasant reading. It is just on this account that it should be widely read and deeply pondered.

In the course of a critical examination of the manner in which our foreign policy has been administered of late, Mr. Sulzberger reviews a number of well-founded and familiar charges. He then turns to the subject of propaganda, in which "we have gone from defeat to defeat." He ascribes this more to "carelessness and stupidity on our part than [to] any special Russian brilliance or technique." In this he underestimates the resourcefulness of our Soviet adversaries, who with great skill adapt their propaganda to the hopes and the fears of the diverse national audiences to which it is addressed.

We, on the other hand, take such matters too little into account. We are inclined to project an image of America which we assume must have a universal appeal, if fully grasped. This is a profound mistake, for much that is good in our American way of life is utterly meaningless to vast populations that have had no experience either with democratic forms or with the liberties they are designed to protect. And what is no less important, the image we attempt to project is too often far removed from the realities of our daily existence. When this occurs we can count on the Kremlin to make capital of any lurking discrepancies.

In a somewhat frightening chapter in which Mr. Sulzberger lists certain weaknesses in our approach, notably our exaggerated concentration on nuclear weapons at the expense of more conventional armaments, he stresses an error in judgment which colors our propaganda and foreign policy formulation alike. The author states:

> It is not the task of United States foreign policy to oppose Communism as an ideology. Our tradition is to allow any country to choose its own form of government. What we oppose is enslavement by outside powers. Legitimately we cannot object to Communism as such. But we can and do object to Soviet imperialism [a thesis which will be questioned by those who accept "the permanent revolution" with worldwide objectives as an essential element in the Communist ideology].

Paying his respects to "pactomania," which has led us to help "build armies incapable of fighting modern war upon economies incapable of supporting such establishments," the author devotes considerable space to "the most important commitment of our foreign policy . . . the North Atlantic Treaty Organization . . . the weightiest alliance undertaking ever assumed by the United States." His critique, based on the classical example of the Delian League, suggests that within the framework of NATO we have not responded in any sense adequately to changes in the nature of the Soviet threat.

> Our statesmen offer the populations of the West the platitudes of linguistic ritual. They speak the truth softly and the falsehood loudly. They tell us we have never been so strong, safe, or determined. But one does not defeat a messianic system such as Soviet imperialism with wishful thinking. Nor does one devise an adequate police force by whittling it away.

Mr. Sulzberger is acutely aware of this characteristic of our behavior. He is conscious of the fact that while through the State Department we maintain, as we should, a firm policy *vis-à-vis* Berlin, there is no sign that any new sense of urgency has settled on the Pentagon or that the President intends to mobilize public opinion in support of our diplomacy. In "What's Wrong with U.S. Foreign Policy" he has written a documented plea for a "new self-scrutiny, a re-examination not only of the style and methods of our policy but the objectives to which it aspires." Such a searching re-examination is long overdue. The author does not minimize the difficulties in the way of meeting the Soviet challenge militarily, economically, and diplomatically.

He is fully conscious that in many areas we are offered the perplexing choice between the two horns of a dilemma. But it would seem not too much to ask of national leadership to avoid being impaled on both of them at the same time.

Rebirth

By M. B. Thornton

I HAVE seen a spider on a caught wasp
eating it alive, as I have seen a
child at the heart not the breast of its mother.
Call it whatever you please:
as the wasp is for the spider living
sunlight caught alive, the death of such a
woman is a living child.

What did you think
you were going to teach it?

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Angry Zealot

***"The Professor and the Commissions," by Bernard Schwartz** (Knopf. 275 pp. $4), is a tell-all report by the dismissed general counsel of the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. Sidney Hyman, who witnessed the proceedings, frequently writes about the contemporary Washington scene. He is also the author of "The American President."*

By Sidney Hyman

BERNARD SCHWARTZ is the professor of law at New York University who sparked the explosive chain of events leading to the resignation of FCC Commissioner Richard Mack and Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams. In the course of doing this, he was himself dismissed as general counsel of the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. Now, in this book, he offers a revealing—perhaps too revealing—account of his experiences.

What he writes subdivides into four main lines of exposition, each in a key of its own. First he rehearses his embittering frustrations with a subcommittee whose majority did not want a searching investigation of the great regulatory agencies to see whether their day-to-day work conformed with the law. Second, he offers a lawyer's brief, with himself as the client, showing why he was forced to use wayward means to keep the investigation vital and relevant; and how the means differed from those employed by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Third, standing a bit to one side of his personal experiences, he points up the discrepancies between what the regulatory commissions are supposed to do according to the law, and what they have in fact been doing as powerful economic agents wandering like nomads over the terrain of our Constitutional system. Fourth, in showing what the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight has not yet done, he prescribes various remedies which will at one and the same time make the regulatory commissions truly independent, yet give them a clearly understood place without our Constitutional arrangement for responsible power.

It is in connection with the third and fourth lines of exposition that Professor Schwartz shows himself off to best advantage. Here he is the gifted scholar, lucid, balanced, judicious, soft-voiced but persuasive, who brings a first-class mind to bear on a complex yet vitally important subject. To be sure, his analysis of the fictions and facts about the regulatory commissions is in the main but a restatement of his other writings dating from before his Washington experience. Also, his proposals for reforming the commissions repeat those which have been current for almost a quarter of a century. Nevertheless, the durable merit of the book lies in these portions.

The human interest lies in the first and second lines of exposition—that is, what actually happened to Professor Schwartz as general counsel for the Subcommittee. Here he is the angry zealot, still in traumatic shock, his sense of outrage oozing at every pore. Exposed to the man in print, the reader may come to feel a measure of the ambivalent embarrassment that was common among members of the Washington press corps who covered the story that Professor Schwartz unfolds.

I say "ambivalent" because the same members of the press who prophesied his slaughter even before it was known who the general counsel of the Subcommittee would be, were by no means convinced that Professor Schwartz was not an accomplice to his own ordeal.

They recognized from the start—and far better than did he—that a Congressional committee was not the proper agency to investigate the regulatory commissions, since the Congress itself was heavily implicated in the suspect acts that clamored for an airing. They also recognized that the majority of the Subcommittee was geared from the start to prevent a serious investigation from getting under way. They acknowledged that in the end Professor Schwartz did in fact accomplish something.

YET as they came to know the man better, as they watched him move about on the Washington scene with a conspiratorial air, as they listened to his orotund speech, as they read his overblown treatises in which thirty pages of text might be used to make a simple legal point, the members of the press came to mutter among themselves that Professor Schwartz would have exacerbated *their* nerves, had *they* been members of the Subcommittee. When he finally left town, there was no mourning his departure, no mourning even among the members of the press who were most sympathetic to the cause he had undertaken to advance.

Why no mourning? Professor Schwartz himself, without meaning to do so, provides the answer in this

(*Continued on page 62*)

Archangel Gabriel.

Head of Moses.

Woman Under the Cross.

"IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ" (Syracuse University Press, $10), by Laurence Schmeckebier, is a profusely illustrated study of the Yugoslavian-born sculptor's works, published in celebration of his seventy-fifth year. Meštrović works freely in various materials. Above are sculptures in marble and walnut.

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Backstage with National Book Awarders and Winners

From Hoopla and Huddles Emerge High Literary Standards

By DAVID DEMPSEY, *National Book Award fiction judge in 1954.*

SINCE we are a nation accustomed to slicing our literary history into decades, the tenth anniversary last week of the founding of the National Book Awards is an occasion worth noting. For ten years now we have been throwing the baby into the air, listening to his playful yells, and wondering when he was going to start growing up. At the age of latency, the Awards have survived long enough to become an established force in American writing—and long enough, too, to generate the kind of criticism that overtakes any organized attempt at literary assay.

For those unfamiliar with this yearly free-for-all, it should be explained that, unlike the Pulitzer Prizes (which are dispensed by mail), NBA selections climax a cocktail party-press conference-keynote address followed by a formal laying-on of hands. Ancillary activities throughout the week offer out-of-town book reviewers and other literary journalists a chance to drink up at the publishers' expense, and to criticize the proceedings, which they almost always do. The criticism becomes less vocal as the week goes on.

And yet it lingers, and it is these echoes that haunt the NBA Committee from one year to the next. It is said that the Awards have no real influence on popular literary taste; that they are an innocuous substitute for the excitement that good books are supposed to generate for themselves; that the wrong books are selected; that the NBA simply provides the publishing industry a chance to honor itself, and that the attendant ballyhoo makes a bigger impression than the books.

Some of these are valid criticisms, but the faults they refer to are not necessarily fatal. If the Awards have not remolded popular taste, it can be said that this was never their intention, which is rather to focus interest on the three books (fiction, nonfiction, and poetry) that deserve to be commended to the discriminating reader. (Whether justifiably so, in all cases, is another matter.) Regarding the ballyhoo, we should remind ourselves that literature must be sold before it can be read. As tub-thumping goes, the NBA festivities are in good taste.

The basic problem of the National Book Awards is organizational. It is plagued by the fact that it must serve three masters—the book industry (which foots the bill), the judges (who call the tune), and the reading public (which doesn't always like what it hears). These competing claims, more often than not, are irreconciliable. It is no secret, for example, that in terms of increased book sales the NBA has never paid its way. ("Frankly, we can't afford to win a prize," the president of a small firm said to me in the days when winning publishers were expected to throw a buffet dinner for the press.)

If the winning book is already a best-seller, as was the case with "Ten North Frederick" and "The Lion and the Throne," neither the added publicity nor the $1,000 prize money is needed, although paradoxically, for the author, the Award helps to remove the curse of success. On the other hand, if the selection is self-limiting in its appeal, as with most volumes of poetry, all the prizes in Christendom are unlikely to make it sell, and for these authors $1,000 is hardly enough. It would seem to be the in-between type of book—the modest success that deserves a wider audience—that profits most, and this chiefly in terms of increased recognition for the author. "The greatest good has come from my own identity and confidence as a writer," wrote the winner of a previous year, in response to a poll conducted by the NBA Committee.

But are the books recognized each year by the judges the "most distinguished," as the Committee defines its winners? Not always, obviously. Because of the time involved, not more than twenty-five contenders in each of the three categories are put into the hands of the judges for reading. Of these, seven or eight will be seriously considered. Too much responsibility, it would seem, lies with the small group of publishers' employees who decide what books shall be sent out. A fairer system might be to have these initial selections made

Decade of Winners

1959: "The Magic Barrel," by Bernard Malamud; "Mistress to an Age," by J. Christopher Herold; "Words for the Wind," by Theodore Roethke; **1958:** "The Wapshot Chronicle," by John Cheever; "The Lion and the Throne," by Catherine Drinker Bowen; "Promises: Poems 1954-1956," by Robert Penn Warren; **1957:** "The Field of Vision," by Wright Morris; "Russia Leaves the War," by George F. Kennan; "Things of This World," by Richard Wilbur; **1956:** "Ten North Frederick," by John O'Hara; "American in Italy," by Herbert Kubly; "The Shield of Achilles," by W. H. Auden; **1955:** "A Fable," by William Faulkner; "The Measure of Man," by Joseph Wood Krutch; "The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens"; "Poems: 1923-1954," by E. E. Cummings (special citation); **1954:** "The Adventures of Augie March," by Saul Bellow; "A Stillness at Appomattox," by Bruce Catton; "Collected Poems," by Conrad Aiken; **1953:** "Invisible Man," by Ralph Ellison; "The Course of Empire," by Bernard De Voto; "Collected Poems, 1917-1952," by Archibald MacLeish; **1952:** "From Here to Eternity," by James Jones; "The Sea Around Us," by Rachel Carson; "Collected Poems," by Marianne Moore; **1951:** "The Collected Stories of William Faulkner"; "The Trouble of One House," by Brendan Gill (special citation); "Herman Melville," by Newton Arvin; "The Auroras of Autumn," by Wallace Stevens; **1950:** "The Man with the Golden Arm," by Nelson Algren; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Ralph L. Rusk; "Paterson III" and "Selected Poems," by William Carlos Williams.

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by persons entirely outside the field of publishing, as are the judges themselves.

The ultimate value of the Awards depends upon the quality of these judges. Here, it seems to me, the NBA has a distinct advantage over the Pulitzer Committee, whose advisory juries consist of two men, in comparison with the NBA's five for each category. NBA judges, moreover, are publicly identified, and answerable for their decisions. Listed on page 22 is a breakdown of the thirty books that have won the Awards since 1950. About some, there is undoubtedly room for dispute, and yet as a group, they make an impressive collection which no man need be ashamed to have in his library.

American letters in the decade just ending is what our writers have made it; judges, at best, can reinforce what is prizeworthy. Out of this attempt has come what Wright Morris calls the "Award Image"—the book that satisfies more rigid criteria than that ordinarily employed by the literary journalist, or by the reader himself. In spite of the hoopla that goes with the Awards, the NBA sponsors recognize that there are standards in literature apart from a sales report. That publishers should be willing to finance this recognition, and in effect to canonize what are usually the less profitable items on their lists, seems to me an act of nobility rare in American business. The methods employed may not satisfy everyone: what matters is the search for excellence. And at a time when we are drenched with so much that is trivial, what could matter more?

A Trio's Intents and Methods

THIS year's National Book Award citation to Bernard Malamud described his short-story collection, "The Magic Barrel," as ". . . a work radiant with personal vision. Compassionate and profound in its wry humor," the fiction judges wrote, "it captures the poetry of human relationships on the point where reality and imagination meet." Theodore Roethke's "Words for the Wind," the jury observed, are ". . . poems of a ranging energy, which, whether they appall or delight, show love at the center of his imaginative grasp of life." And the nonfiction panel characterized J. Christopher Herold's biography of Madame de Staël, "Mistress to an Age," as "a witty, beautifully controlled, and highly entertaining account of one of the most remarkable women in history . . . [whose] vigorous life and times come alive in these pages." *SR*'s reviews of the respective works in the issues of May 17, 1958, January 3, 1959, and October 24, 1958, agreed.

But, *SR* speculated, what are the rationales, the goals and goads that have motivated these writers to express themselves so effectively? Explain yourselves, the winners were challenged.

• "One of the ideas that animate my writing," replied Mr. Malamud, who is assistant professor of English at Oregon State College, "is that there has been a sad devaluation of the human being in our time, a dehumanization of him, one of the worst effects of which is that he doesn't seem to protest, or even understand what has happened to him. Certainly he will have to comprehend his condition before he can achieve any change in it. I feel the writer has always set the value of man through arousing the reader's sympathy for the antics and suffering of others. I'd like to do the same.

"It's amazing to me how important to us a fictional character can be: Don Quixote, Hamlet, Huck Finn. The truth is that since these imaginary human beings consider (and make) their lives and personalities valuable, it isn't hard imaginatively to take on their consequence, their value. This effect the writer achieves through the moral-esthetic of art: the reader *feels* the importance of the 'character' and at the same time the importance and possibilities of himself: this is the moral response. But how does the writer skirt the preachment that destroys the art? I attempt to keep the moral invisible, locked in the tale, the fabric, one might say, of the human action, being, feeling."

• Theodore Roethke, an English professor at the University of Washington, remarked that his whole approach to poetry is through the ear. "What I am most interested in," he said, "is the auditory experience. The basic thing is to get people to hear the language. I feel that everyone has capacity of some sort for poetry—or they had it once. We are all poets as children, and my whole effort in teaching is to recover some of the creativity that is lost in childhood." Roethke has found that "it is possible to do quite miraculous things in that respect, but," he said, "there has to be some love left, some ear left. . . .

"With the language being corrupted by mass communication, it lies with the creators to get up on their hind legs and fight. In America if you are going to be a poet today you have got to be honest, tough. I feel that the last fifty years comprise our greatest age in the English language. Our speech is really vivid. I think the definition for poetry (and this Auden has said) is vivid speech. And the capacity for metaphor. But it's got to have movement. You have to have the metaphor and the rhythm."

• Mr. Herold, whose post at Stanford University Press as editor-in-chief makes this a jackpot year, NBA-wise, for the Far West, sees his subjects from several contradictory angles, "as a multiple complex of paradoxes and as fundamentally unknowable. 'Mistress to an Age,'" he said, "deals primarily with human beings, and the more I know of any human being, the more I am baffled by him or her. My aim therefore is to understand and explain as much as possible (even if the explanations are incomplete or mutually contradictory), since the material must be ordered into some intelligible form—and at the same time to preserve its baffling complexity. It seems to me that the ironical method is the only one that can achieve that purpose. In biography (particularly if the subject belongs to a period long past), sympathetic irony is the only way of presenting the past with the immediacy of the present without introducing an artificial 'literary' quality."

In brief, these then are some of the attributes invigorating the three works selected by the NBA judges as the most distinguished books of 1958. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

Bernard Malamud

Theodore Roethke

Christopher Herold

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Merits Meted Two Major Efforts

Two first novels, both serious attempts by talented writers, are dissected this week to determine why one, ***"Spinster," by Sylvia Ashton-Warner,*** *succeeds, while the other,* ***"Summer's Lease," by Constance Pendergast,*** *at least partially fails. Our critics—both novelists themselves—are, respectively, Virgilia Peterson, who lectures on current literature, and Vance Bourjaily, onetime editor of* discovery *and author of "The Violated."*

Eulogy to Love

"Spinster," by Sylvia Ashton-Warner *(Simon & Schuster. 242 pp. $3.75), conveys the vigor of life and love through the character of a New Zealand schoolmistress and her charges.*

By Virgilia Peterson

IF "SPINSTER," the dictionary meaning of which is a woman still single beyond the usual age of marrying, is a loaded word and suggests to most people, however unfairly, a warped and desiccated personality, it is used here in irony, for seldom has the quality of love been more beautifully and bounteously revealed than in this story of a New Zealand kindergarten teacher. Miss Ashton-Warner, a New Zealander and a teacher herself, who is married to a teacher, proves with her first book to be quite as much the mistress of language, image, and skinless sensibility as was her famous compatriot, Katherine Mansfield, and larger in vision and in scope.

The story is told in the first person by the central figure, Anna Vorontosov, a tiny, tempestuous woman, probably in her early forties (though of her exact age we are never certain), who has charge of the four-, five-, and six-year-olds, mostly Maori children sprinkled with a few poor whites, in an outpost New Zealand school. A more unorthodox Infant Mistress was not to be found in the whole school system, and had it not been for the insight and patience and tact and courage of the Head, she would probably not have lasted the four years she had already been teaching there when the story begins.

"Anna!" she warns herself, in one of those rare moments when some small recognition has come to her from the outside, "you make the mistake of living by love! All your rules of behavior and of morals and of work are confused with it. Love is not wholly respectable, you know . . ." Nor is Anna herself wholly respectable, at least from the viewpoint of those who pride themselves on conformity.

It is true that Anna has sent away the man she loved without giving him what he asked for. It is also true that she does not spend her evenings in cafés, but in converse with Beethoven and Schumann at the piano, or with the flowers in her brilliant, unweeded garden, or with the paintings and stories she makes into primers of a kind no kindergarten children have ever seen before. Still, it would have taken more imagination than most school inspectors and most parents are capable of to overlook her wild hair, her bright smocks, her dirty hands, and the pandemonium of her classroom, which so vibrates with tears and laughter, with dance and song, with kisses and quarrels, with bursts of illumination, that only a woman of Anna's authentic genius could be sure that this was learning, this was communication, this was life. And even Anna often doubts it, though she never for a moment doubts the children.

IT is hard to imagine that a novel in which the most constant setting is a schoolroom could contain all the ingredients of drama. Yet in the little girl with the twisted feet; in the boy whose parents fight at home; in the slow-learning child for whom Anna suddenly unlocks the door to reading; in the lovely thirteen-year-old robbed of her grace as well as her innocence when she gives birth to dead twins; in the young assistant teacher whom Anna—despite all the maternal love she offers him—fails to save from self-destruction; in the visiting Inspector who sees and grasps the meaning of Anna's work but is powerless to give her the official accolade she needs—there is as much pain and suspense and hope and tenderness as in a story with the whole world for its horizon. Experienced through Anna's eyes—or, rather, behind Anna's eyes, which is where she looks—that schoolroom is as all-encompassing as the world.

We are constantly reminded, and constantly forgetting, that the teacher is the Atlas who carries the future on his or her back. But all the discursions and tracts on teachers and teaching put together could not enlighten us more about the task than this story of one woman's love for it. "Spinster," however, is only incidentally, though beautifully pedagogical. Primarily—without illusion, with pain unmasked—it is a eulogy to love. A more delicate, more musical, more poignant tribute would be difficult to find. Among so many first books in which the authors celebrate the mere fact of immaturity, it is a welcome surprise indeed to find here the fruit of a matured mind.

Coming of Age

"Summer's Lease," by Constance Pendergast *(McDowell, Obolensky. 373 pp. $4.50), concerned with first love and first loss, forfeits vitality through an elliptical style.*

By Vance Bourjaily

FINE writing does not make a book. It is too bad, in a way, for not many recent works can compare with Constance Pendergast's first novel in quality of prose, precision of observation, appropriateness of physical detail, and aptness of incidental thought. But all these graces, beguiling though they may be, are only adornments and cannot by themselves replace the ordinary substance of the novel, which is character and event. Miss Pendergast's scanting of this ordinary substance has made "Summer's Lease" the sort of book one reads with constant admiration, occasional delight, and very little sense of personal involvement.

Two quite different kinds of accounting must be used to explain a reader's disinvolvement: the scanting of characters seems to result from an error in strategy, that of event from what is evidently a concept of artistry in terms of which the storytelling of the book is quite perfectly executed, so that, in justice to the author, any criticism of it must be undertaken on the theoretical level.

One can, in fact, go further and

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partly justify the concept: "Summer's Lease" is a coming-of-age novel, the story of a girl named Drusilla, her first love and first loss. It is a tale many times told, and an author may be honored for having sought a fresh way of telling it. Miss Pendergast's way, especially in the first two-thirds of her novel, is to tell it by omission; never are we present at any of the important scenes—the quarrels, proposals, parties, deaths, accidents, encounters—at their highest moments. Instead we are made aware of such dramatic episodes by being admitted, sometimes, to their anticipations, more often to their aftermaths.

THE author's way of writing around events, never using them for scene-making, is useful enough as an occasional device in fiction, but to base an entire narrative upon its employment is to sacrifice one's book to dogma; one can, of course, accomplish narrative by ellipsis, but the risk may be too great, for it is the risk of frustrating a reader's interest so often, at so many near-climaxes, that his attention is finally lost, and he has no response left for the book but the weaker one of admiration for its details. The method changes towards the end of "Summer's Lease," but by then it is too late.

Now, to deprive one's novel of event is to set a problem in characterization which, while not insoluble, requires the use of a larger variety of technical resources than Miss Pendergast has permitted herself. Since we so seldom see her people in significant action, they are not defined by their behavior.

We do, on the other hand, see them most intimately, through the author's sensitive reporting and analysis of their sensations and impressions. Particularly as regards the most important half dozen, we know them as well as we might know a stranger from reading his diary. But how well is that? Curiously enough, not very; for there is never any distance between us and the individual for seeing whole. Because of this it is Miss Pendergast's minor characters who achieve identity for us; we know too many particulars about the major ones ever to be able to define them. Some way of establishing occasional distance between them and their author would have helped.

In spite of these strictures, and they are not small ones, there is pleasure to be had from reading "Summer's Lease." If it is an incomplete pleasure, the reader who cares for letters may perhaps find further interest in encountering, in first performance, a writer with the talent and intelligence to become first rate.

The Descent of Unsuccessful Sons

***"My Fathers and I," by Eric Linklater** (Harcourt, Brace. 253 pp. $3.95), spoofs a popular habit of passing the buck to pater. The humorist P. G. Wodehouse finds it fun.*

By P. G. Wodehouse

ONE of the great moments of my life was when I read Chapter One of Eric Linklater's "Juan in America," which carries on from the point where Byron broke off in Don Juan. I felt, I remember, like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken or like stout Cortez (or, as some say, Balboa) when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific. This, I said to myself, is the stuff to give 'em. And now Mr. Linklater has obliged with a long book in the same vein.

"My Fathers and I" starts in the world of today with Edward Vanbrugh (b.1919), the unsuccessful proprietor of an antique shop, on the verge of bankruptcy, and ends with him taking the position of butler—major domo, he prefers to call it—in the home of a wealthy Texan. The rest of the book deals with Edward's forebears.

Mr. Linklater's method of introducing his explorations into the past is simple and ingenious. Edward Vanbrugh puts the blame for his failure in life on his father. We then get the story of his father, also named Edward (b. 1891), who puts the blame for his failure in life on his father, Thomas (b. 1861), and so through Eustace (b. 1834), Jeremy (b. 1794), Francis (b. 1772), and Charles (b. 1750) right back to Moses, Baron Storleyford of Storleyford (b. 1705), the founder of the family. They all attribute their misfortunes to their fathers, except the last-named, who never had one, being a foundling.

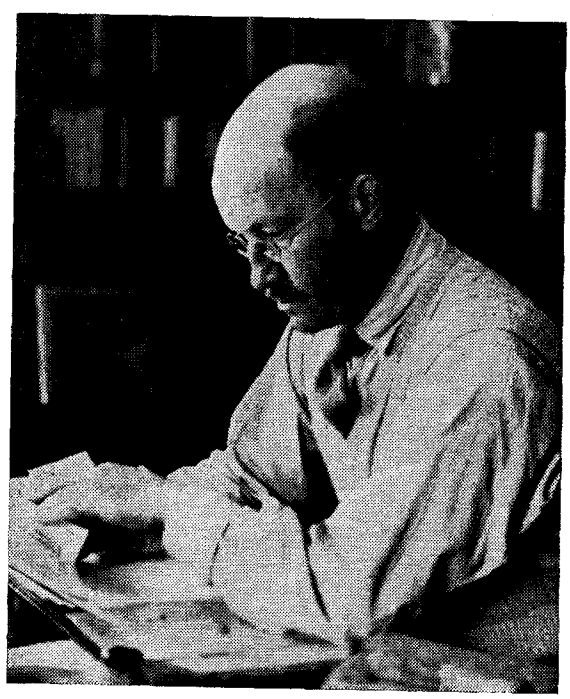
He was discovered one night in the carriage of the Earl of Lowestoft with nothing on but a theatre program advertising "The Confederacy," by John Vanbrugh. So they called him Vanbrugh and, a carriage being the next thing to bulrushes, added the name Moses. (Later he went to India and cleaned up there to the tune of £120,000. Shaking the pagoda tree, it was called.)

Reading this book is like being escorted through the portrait gallery of some stately home of England by a kindly guide of immense charm and erudition. Mr. Linklater just goes on talking in a gentle voice, and it is impossible not to listen to his every word. He holds you, not with a glittering eye but by some subtle magic which it is difficult to analyze.

Highly recommended are the stories of Jeremy, the midshipman who became England's most expert coachman, and Eustace, who was a disciple of Thomas Huxley and had an unpleasant afternoon with the Grafin von Huhnewasser und Münchengrätz, but they are eclipsed, in my opinion, by that of Francis (b.1772).

It was of Francis (if, says Mr. Linklater, a local legend can be accepted) that Charles Lamb said, "The only measure he can tread is the *faux pas*, and his claim to nobility is descent from the old French family of De Trop." He was what a later generation

(*Continued on page* 60)



Eric Linklater . . . "goes on talking in a gentle voice, and it is impossible not to listen."

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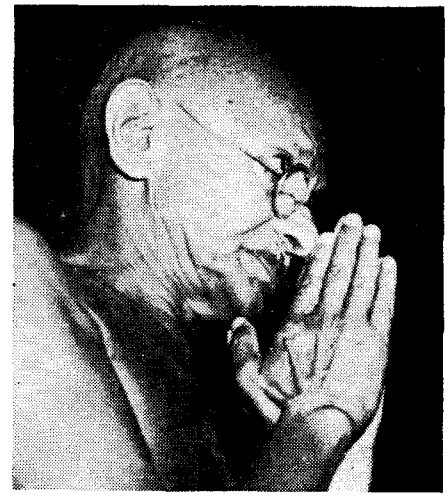
For Mankind He Measured Truth

"Mahatma Gandhi: A Biography," by B. R. Nanda *(Beacon. 542 pp. $6.50), and* ***"Conquest of Violence: The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict," by Jean V. Bondurant*** *(Princeton University Press. 269 pp. $5), between them shed more light on the Mahatma, whose ideologies and philosophies were in such contrast to others of his time. Our critic, Louis Fischer, is the author of "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi" and other books.*

By Louis Fischer



Gandhi: "Turn the searchlight inward."

MAHATMA GANDHI, dead since 1948, is very much alive. Books about him continue to appear. In addition to the two under review, there is one called "Non-Violence in Politics: A Study in Gandhian Techniques and Thinking," by Professor V. V. Ramana Murthi, of Gujarat University, Ahmedabad, published in India, and two volumes, the first 704 pages long, the second 810 pages, entitled "Mahatma Gandhi: The Last Phase," by Pyarelal, Gandhi's political secretary, also published in India. Gandhi's personality and philosophy preoccupy India, the other new states of Asia and Africa, and the West. For this century has two gods—Success and Violence—yet in it Gandhi achieved success through nonviolence and greatness beyond that of any advocate or practitioner of violence.

At the All-African People's Conference, which assembled in Accra, Ghana, in December, the provisional agenda contained a commitment to nonviolence which the Egyptian delegation found distasteful. At the October conference convened on the island of Rhodes by the Congress for Cultural Freedom to discuss the problems of representative government and public liberties in the new Afro-Asian states, Gandhi's economic program was constantly in the background and often the subject of debate among Afro-Asians, Europeans, and Americans.

Gandhi was anything but dogmatic, but, writes Miss Bondurant, "If there is dogma in the Gandhian philosophy, it centers here: that the only test of truth is action based on the refusal to do harm." This meant not only bodily harm but heartache. Miss Bondurant presents a detailed analysis of every one of Gandhi's civil disobedience movements in South Africa and India, and then she dissects most other ideologies and philosophies of modern time to contrast them with those of the Mahatma. She likewise treats the question of "the operation of Satyagraha [active nonviolent resistance] against a totalitarian regime," and does not rule it out.

I hold that in writing "Doctor Zhivago" and in his behavior since writing it, Boris Pasternak has done something far more significant than producing paper pellets for the Cold War; in an age in which civil courage is a rare commodity (remember our own McCarthy period), Pasternak has said, in effect, "Here I stand and proclaim my truth and am ready to pay for it —the awesome might of the Kremlin notwithstanding." It is this quiet heroism which will someday move Russia, one hopes, as it has moved the rest of the world. A man has showed in action that he is a man, not a mouse.

Pasternak's position is the essence of Gandhism and the secret of Gandhi's victories. "If I had to choose between cowardice and violence," said Gandhi, the apostle of nonviolence, "I would choose violence." For cowardice diminishes the stature of man and thereby invites political pygmies to become bullies. In all the history of the Soviet Union, no one, not even Trotsky, has displayed a tiny fraction of Pasternak's civil bravery. That explains totalitarianism's strength.

But who knows? "Freedom," Mr. Nanda quotes Gandhi as saying, "is like a birth. Till we are fully free we are slave. All birth takes place in a moment." On the other hand, it may also be true that until we are fully slave we are free and that freedom too dies in an instant. As Gandhi, cited by Nanda, wrote, "For the starving men and women, liberty and God are merely letters put together without the slightest meaning; the deliverer of these unfortunate people would be one who brought them a crust of bread." And that from a most religious liberty-loving person. This intimate relationship between liberty and rice is being demonstrated every day in Afro-Asia. When any country's democracy is diminished so too is our own.

Mr. Nanda has done a great deal of research and turns up new material, especially on Indo-British relations. He wields a smooth pen. But for some opaque reason he avoids the drama of Gandhi's life and death. Perhaps he was afraid of overstatements. In the case of Gandhi, dramatic telling would be true to reality. Gandhi made peaceful, nonviolent civil disobedience thrilling, more exciting than Napoleon's battles and Hitler's blitz. He demonstrated that wrestling with one's conscience and efforts to lift man above the beast level are more important than international conferences or the class struggle. To Gandhi, wrote his deceased secretary Mahadev Desai, "the struggle with the opponent within is keener than with the opponent without." Indeed, the way to peaceful victory over another is by conquest of self. "Turn the searchlight inward," Gandhi taught. This is the most difficult aspect of the Gandhian ethic. We find it much more satisfying to condemn the adversary. By thus neglecting to see our own faults we lose the capacity to win without bombs.

THE reviewer could not read two such meaningful books at one sitting. He must take time to eat meals, read the newspapers, even to turn the radio and TV knobs on and off. The meals are a delight, but, of necessity, the press and the other communications media, because they reflect the spirit and deeds of our time, are full of killing, murder, hate, tension, and vexation. It is a pleasure, then, to return to the atmosphere created by Mr. Nanda and Miss Bondurant, or rather by Gandhi, the atmosphere of peace, love, and happiness—but not of mushy namby-pambyism. Gandhi was a fighter always. He resisted evil with firmness and kindness and with a view not to destruction but to self-conversion. We might still try it.

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The Character of Creative Genius

"The Philosophy of Art History," by Arnold Hauser *(Knopf. 410 pp. $7.50), examines its topic from five standpoints: "The Sociological Approach," "The Psychological Approach," "The Philosophical Implications of Art History," "Educational Strata in the History of Art," and "Conflicting Forces in the History of Art." Michael Lenson is art critic for the* Newark Sunday News.

By Michael Lenson

ALL cultural phenomena and artistic excellence do not spring from cultural causation. Professor Hauser makes this admonition explicit in the first section of "The Philosophy of Art History." He offers at the beginning a sociological approach to the understanding of art history along with the careful scholar's warning that his thinking is merely contemporary and not eternal.

Since sublime as well as worthless art can be produced out of the same social condition, neither the good nor the bad can be attributed to the material or intellectual climate of the times. Hauser supports this view by coupling and contrasting such diverse Second Empire artists as Feuillet and Flaubert, Delacroix and Bouguereau, and both of these pairs against Courbet. Hauser goes further and points out that the Greek and the Renaissance achievements were totally divorced from the pressures, freedoms, and restraints of the societies out of which they emerged. The point is that creative genius is an unpredictable phenomenon. The norms of beauty are never final. They are still determined by the eye of the beholder, be he Socialist, bourgeois, monarchist, plebeian, or the adventurous man-in-the-street who simply knows what he likes.

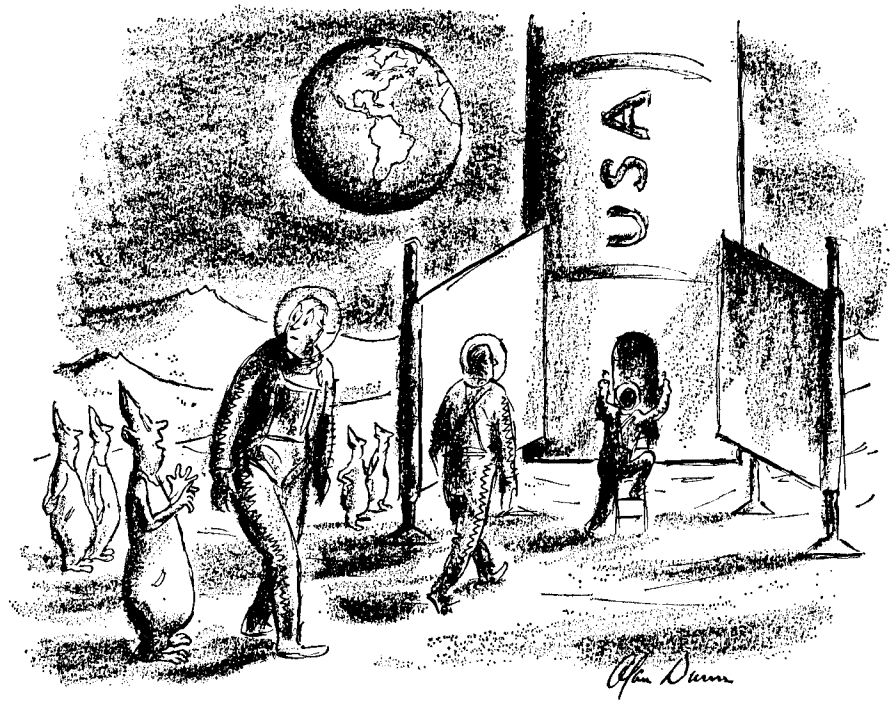
While the individual creator may be socially and politically uncommitted, his art work is put to use. It may serve as a magic amulet for hunters. It may fortify some animistic role in primitive religion. It may impartially provide for the magnification of kings, deities, and saints. It may serve the propaganda arm of some social or political class. But here again Hauser warns the reader against glib sociological conclusions. There is, he reminds us, a richer esthetic and spiritual harvest to be found in Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven than in all the folk art of the world.

In this deeply engrossing volume, filled with political, historical, and psychological considerations (such as Freud's view of the artist as an introvert who seeks the "power of sublimation"), Hauser offers no premise as an absolute. Yet on the polar terms of "quality" and "popularity" he firmly bars Rousseau's natural man (as well as Tolstoy's peasant) or the "uneducated, urbanized, or industrialized" average man from making any critical judgment of the arts. Such people, he says, ". . . are ready to accept what is artistically worthy, provided it supplies vital value for them by portraying their wishes, their fantasies, day dreams, provided that it calms their anxieties and increases their sense of security." It is hard to see in what respect Professor Hauser's suggestion here differs from the requirements of the cultivated, elite mind. After all, popular acclaim was not the kiss-of-death for Giotto, the High Renaissance, or the three masters of the recent Mexican renaissance.

Art history can work independently of the artist and his art, obliterating names and achievements in a sea of doctrine. The author is aware of this when he allows that "a sense of perfection is not a necessary ingredient of esthetic experience." Yet Hauser swiftly counters this nod to the popular by saying that he is "disinclined to name in the same breath the 'Merry Widow' and Mozart's 'Figaro,' or Böcklin's 'Isle of the Dead' and El Greco's 'Burial of the Count of Orgaz.'" In fact, he closes this argument with the statement that "anyone who has known the shattering experience of being involved with a real work of art becomes intolerant of all exploitation of cheap effects and is very ready to maintain that there is *one* art, indivisible and incapable of being diluted, and beside which all else is devoid of significance and value."

The serious finality of this dictum is mellowed when the author accepts the innocent, fanciful, and childlike in folk and fine art that influence Klee, Picasso, and Matisse. This is the kind of experience which is reflected in the work of Dürer and Breughel. But, Hauser notes caustically, today in the commercial practices of the entertainment industries—with their frantic currying for public favor, resulting in the maudlin romantic attitude—is one of the most ominous aspects of our cultural crisis. The modern artist cannot escape this trap even by sheer revulsion. He is forced into involvement and fettered by

(*Continued on page* 63)



"And then, in addition, we have a moon-wide income tax, a green-cheese tax, and a sales tax . . . where are you going?"

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History and the Tourist

THE date May 27 is an odd juncture of history. It marks the time when probably the greatest wave of peaceful tourists ever recorded will start to crowd the air and sea lanes that link the United States to the rest of the world. It also marks the deadline for the Soviet ultimatum on Berlin, an event that could halt the peaceful flow of travel all around the globe at the dawn of jet-age tourism.

This coincidence of promise and peril dramatizes again the historic role of the modern tourist and the vast industry—third largest in the United States—which serves him. Arnold Toynbee, himself a tireless traveler, has commented that the twentieth century will be remembered as the period when men first began to think of the good of mankind everywhere. If so, then 1959 may well be remembered as a moment of mammoth coincidence—when the means of travel and the interest in travel have never been greater, and the world's problems seldom more critical.

The jet plane offers the average citizen the real prospect of being able to circumnavigate the globe and go anywhere in the world in a matter of a few hours—all this in a world where everything is bigger and better than ever except man's ability to live in peace. Yet, paradoxically enough, the average man is also in a position for the first time to make a personal contribution to the peace. As Juan T. Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways, has said:

"The law of life is not so much the survival of the fittest as the survival of those fittest to coöperate. In the world scheme of things, only those who coöperate will survive . . .

"For us, foreign travel is a cultural, political and economic necessity, if our country is to fulfill its destiny and new responsibility of world leadership. . . . For there can be no atom bomb potentially more powerful than the tourist, charged with curiosity, enthusiasm and good will, who can roam the world, meeting in friendship and understanding the people of other nations and races.

"The tourist plane and the bomber for years have been racing each other toward a photo finish. In my opinion, however, the tourist plane, if allowed to move forward unshackled by political boundaries and economic restrictions, will win this 'race between education and catastrophe.'"

The role of the world traveler as world citizen is, in fact, the underlying theme of this issue of *Saturday Review*. Following in the footsteps of Magellan and Jules Verne, *SR*'s travel editor, Horace Sutton, has been journeying around the world by jet and propeller-driven aircraft. His trip might stand as a prelude to the time when the 25,000 American tourists now taking global trips each year by air and sea will soar to 250,000, perhaps by the end of the century.

The rising standard of living throughout the Western world promises to permit more and more people to travel outside their own national boundaries. This trend has been matched by the travel industry's steady efforts to expand facilities, and reduce the cost of foreign tourism.

It was only twenty-one years ago that air travel started across the Atlantic. With the commercial jetliner there is no question that air travel has come of age on schedule, in the United States, in Russia, in Britain and France, and on around the globe. The question seems to be whether the world's statesmen have come of age; whether they know how to control the new engines now available for unlimited harm or good.

The promise is so tremendous that it seems incredible we should fail as we approach the threshold of this new age. We have an instrument of understanding in our hands. We are under no obligation to forge it into an instrument of mutual destruction.

The swift new planes, and the great new ships coming to the seven seas, prophesy a movement of people beyond the imagination of our ancestors, a movement of such dimensions that it itself can help alter for the better the globe on which we live.

It must help all peoples to reach out and know each other better, creating new and better social, political and economic relationships with each other. It can mark the ebb and fall of petty provincialism and of narrow nationalism, the dark forces of geopolitical ignorance that have fragmented the world for centuries.

Parochialism is obsolete, even though it still haunts our minds and hearts. But with this new force in the sky—and on the oceans—the mosaic of hate, hostility, and alien prejudice on the earth should be transmuted into a pattern of common trust, friendship and oneness among men.

These jet-driven wings can bring thousands of visitors to America to know us and see how we live. We want the world to know us just as we wish to learn about the world.

It is this sense of just crossing over the technological and economic threshold of a new scale of people-to-people communication that inspires the hope that we will give ourselves time for this new force to work for us. It is part of the historic task of the travel industry in the great drama of our era to support freedom of travel and to move peoples back and forth across all boundaries so that old prejudices may yield to new tolerance on both sides of the many curtains separating us.

In a TV broadcast in Moscow to the Russian people, British Prime Minister Macmillan has just said, "What we really need is thousands of visits to each other's countries by ordinary people. Nothing would do more to help understanding. Tourism between us is increasing, let it grow much more."

The challenge is both to get past the deadly deadline of May 27 to a year of fruitful travel, and to pass the other deadlines undoubtedly ahead of us into that Golden Age Toynbee speaks of, where all men have a common concern for the good of all mankind.

—W. D. P.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON CITIZENSHIP

In the interesting article, "Strongbox of the Nation" (*SR* Feb. 21), Evan Hill tells about a Swedish farmer seeking to establish proof of citizenship through the National Archives, in order to apply for Social Security benefits. No proof of citizenship is necessary in order to be eligible for SS benefits. An applicant has to prove that he is sixty-five years old and that he has paid the minimum in SS taxes to be "fully insured." However, since self-employed farmers have only recently come under this law, it is doubtful whether this Swedish farmer had established enough credits so that "his SS checks now arrive regularly." At any rate, the information dug up in the National Archives did not make it possible for him to receive them.

Mrs. Kenneth Aiken.

Highland Park, Mich.

A BIT ANNOYED

Your excellent publication is so satisfactory that I am reluctant to offer a criticism. But I must express some annoyance about the inadequate and trivial review by Earl Schenck Miers of "Jim Fisk: The Career of an Improbable Rascal" (*SR* Feb. 14). Of course if the purpose of the review is to discourage reading of the book, it performs the task reasonably well. I would still have preferred a direct statement to that effect. The fact that Fisk and the book and the review and the reviewer are all featured on the cover compounds my temporary feeling that the *Saturday Review* wants light, frothy essays (and very light and frothy this one is) rather than mature criticism.

M. R. Merrill.

Logan, Utah.

SURVIVOR

In reference to Your Literary I.Q., February 21, Esther Summerson, though attacked by smallpox, managed to survive quite well and finish her narrative in my edition (Houghton Mifflin) of "Bleak House."

Nancy Schrock.

Laramie, Wyo.

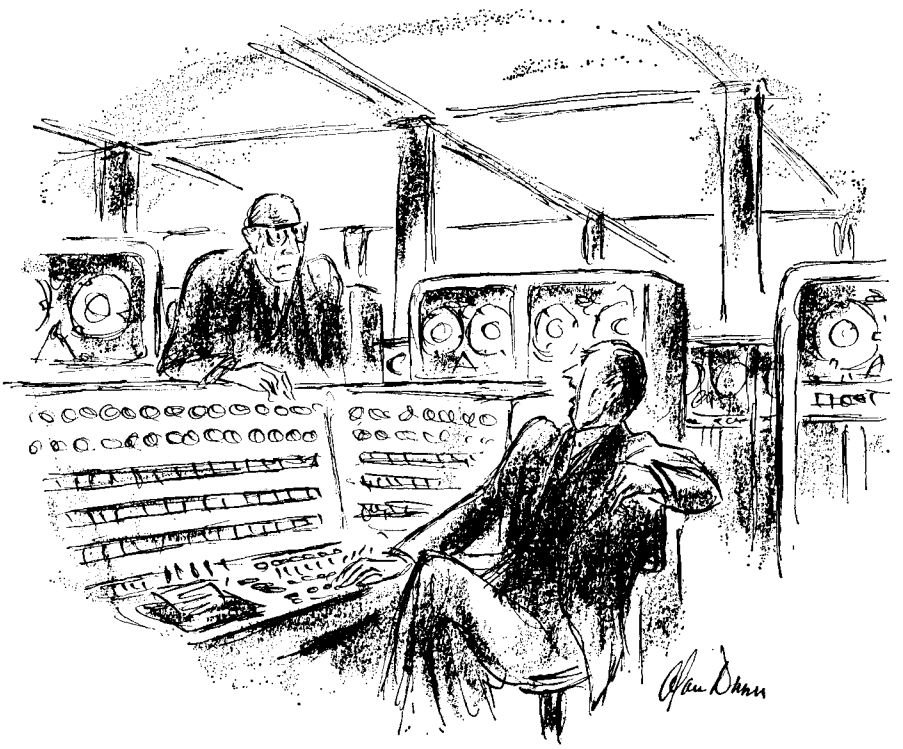
PROFOUND AND LUCID

Congratulations on your publication of Adlai Stevenson's profound, timely essay on "Politics and Morality" (*SR* Feb. 7). How regrettable it is that a man of superlative intellect, breadth of mind, humanitarian sympathies, and inborn high standards of conduct should, by reason of his moral superiority, be always at a disadvantage in the dirty game of politics.

The very virtues which make a man most fit for high public office become heavy handicaps in any contest for election to such offices. However, we can be thankful that such a man as Mr. Stevenson survives personally to proclaim and to exemplify a higher political idealism than that which generally prevails. We can be thankful for this strong voice in the wilderness: a voice raised in protest against the fantastically stupid follies of our age and in reminder that neither moral nor political issues are to be settled by calling names, sticking out tongues, and throwing murderous missiles at each other.

H. G. Coulter.

Palm Springs, Calif.



"We seem to be right back where we started—the subordinate machines are saying 'yes' to the automation control!"

A STIRRING CALL

Adlai Stevenson's tract on "Politics and Morality" is a stirring call for a reactivation of moral concern on a political level. It is a far more eloquent plea for dedication and sacrifice and action than he ever made during his campaigns for the presidency. Unfortunately, Mr. Stevenson actually says no more than he said during those disastrous campaigns; he only says it better. He condemns the quest for happiness and fulfillment through petty acquisition. He exhorts us to the task of wiping out poverty in this rich land and the creation of a society where the colored can hold up their heads as equals and self-respecting citizens. But you see, there is no politician, in office or out, who would quarrel with this aim; the great conflicts arise over how and when and even over "why." To put proposals forth in considerable concrete detail, to attack other specific proposals of specific men and special interests is to display the raw courage, the honest dedication, the fearlessness of a truly free man exposing himself to the bracing competition of the open society.

Charles Hughes.

Lakewood, Ohio.

VALUE OF ATTRACTION

I enjoyed Archibald MacLeish's excellent article (*SR* Jan. 31) on education. However, I wonder about two of his statements: that "Education in America is American or it is not truly education, . . ." and that "Keats was right to give his trust to the power of the imagination and the holiness of the heart's affections, . . ." Should not the ultimate concern of education be rather than particular culture the larger reality (a thing with which Mr. MacLeish incidentally appears to be well acquainted)? Is Mr. MacLeish thinking here of imagination which creates fantasy to please the emotions or of the ability to see from what is known what can be?

Clayton Montgomery.

Vermillion, S. D.

SENSE OF CONVICTION

It seems to me that the guest editorial, written by Frank G. Jennings, in the Feb. 14th issue of *SR* is especially good. In the general area of education it carries the high quality and the sense of conviction that is similar to those you write dealing with the general area of international relations.

John C. Carlisle.

Logan, Utah.

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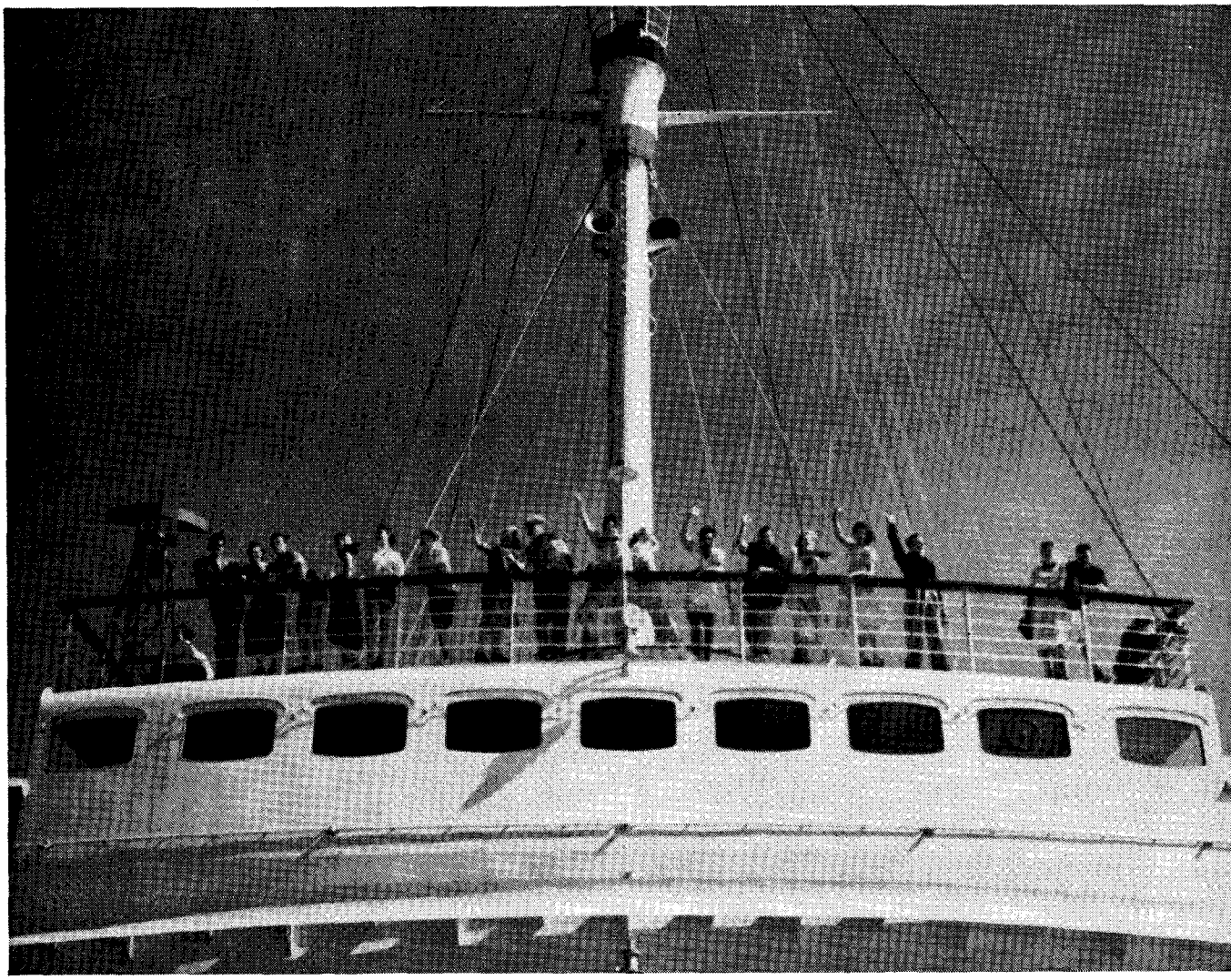

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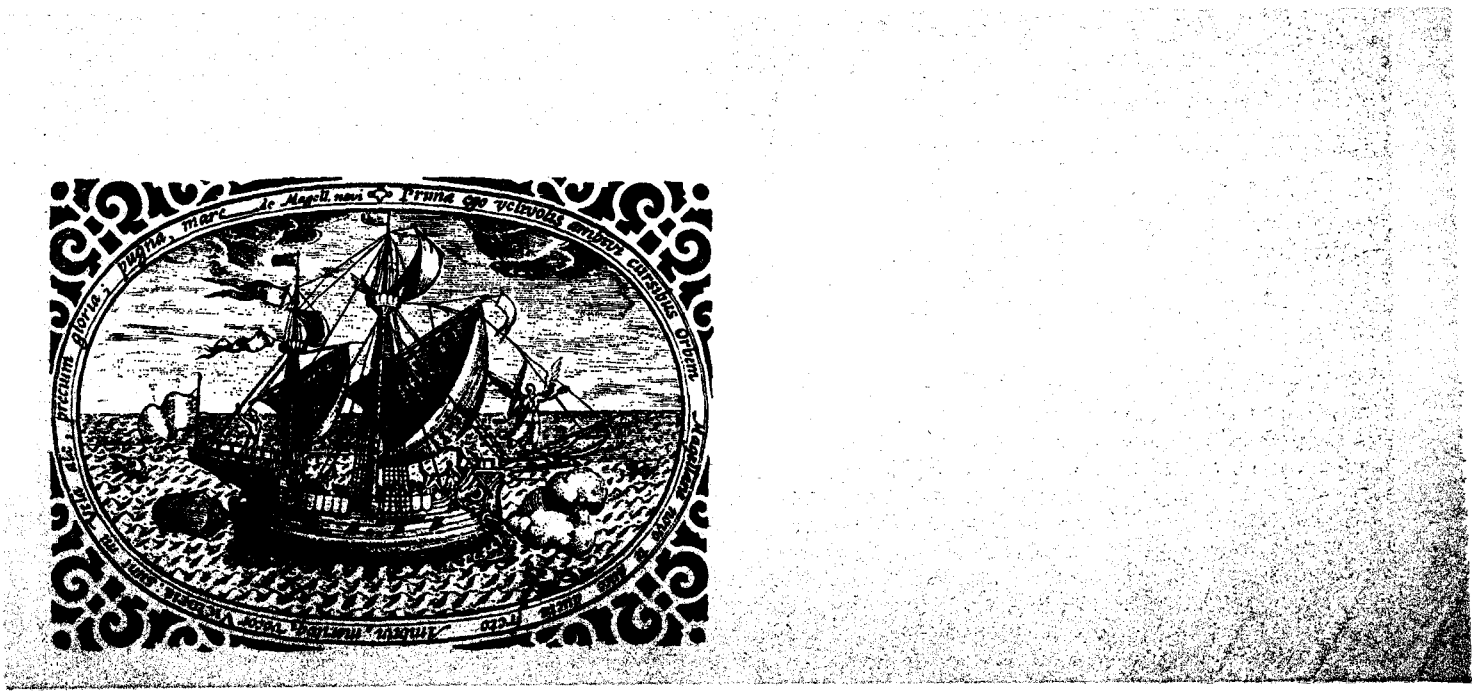
AROUND THE WORLD



From MAGELLAN to the JETS

THE first man around the world left from Spain 434 years ago. The trip took three years, and when the remnants of the expedition pulled into home port in 1522, its leader was dead, and only one of its five ships was still afloat.

Ever since then, man has been circling the globe, first for adventure and profit, and more recently for fun and games. The idea of making the whole global circuit in less than three months was a fanciful idea when Jules Verne first published "Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingts Jours," which appeared in Paris in 1873. Before the century was out, the Hamburg-American Line had begun cruises to the Mediterranean, but the nearest thing to a pleasure sail around the world came in 1912, when their *S.S. Cleveland* steamed from New York to San Francisco by way of the Suez Canal, and then went back to Europe. That jaunt took 110 days and cost $650.

It was not until the Panama Canal was finished in 1915 that around-the-world pleasure travel became really feasible. After World War I, in 1922 to be exact, Cunard sent the Laconia on its first round-the-world cruise. After that the Cunarders and the Red Star Line made a catch-phrase of the grand tour, brought round-the-world travel to the sophisticated and the well-heeled in the two decades that followed.

Once World War II had come and gone the aeronauts began to demonstrate the real possibilities of world travel within a time budget. These first efforts, only fourteen years ago, were still crude. As recently as 1946, as Scripps-Howard columnist Inez Robb points out in succeeding pages, a trip around the world by air required six and a quarter days and fourteen stops, the first of which was Bermuda. This may have been primitive but only a year later, in June of 1947, Pan American began scheduled round-the-world flights. The routing, by way of New York, Gander, Shannon, London, Istanbul, Karachi, Calcutta, Bangkok, Manila, Guam, Wake, Midway, Honolulu, and San Francisco left on a Friday night, and returned the next Thursday afternoon and cost $1,569.85.

In the racing years that followed, two events made round-the-world travel an exciting and feasible possibility for the ready traveler—ready for adventure and ready with the cash. They are the tremendous popularity of Mike Todd's adaptation of the Verne novel, and the advent of the jet. With this year four days old, I embarked on what was my first global excursion, following the jet tracks that had been laid down by Pan American from New York to Paris, and by the Soviet airline, Aeroflot, which is flying its converted jet bombers from

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Three Sails, Four Knots, and an Astrolabe

Magellan Pioneered the Path, Found Guam, a Global Route, the Philippines, and Death

By CHARLES McKEW PARR

TECHNICALLY, the first circumnavigator was Juan Sebastian del Cano, a Basque nobleman who was in command of the Spanish ship *Victoria* when, in September, 1522, it arrived in Sanlúcar, Spain, from which it had sailed westward three years earlier as part of the royal armada commanded by Ferdinand Magellan. Del Cano, a petty officer under Magellan, was a man of dubious record and mediocre achievement; his career embraced not only mutiny but even dealing with the enemy.

Magellan, however, is rightly accredited as the pioneer round-the-world voyager because he planned the voyage and executed its most difficult phases. He discovered the Philippine Islands when sailing eastward in the service of Portugal and again reached them when he sailed westward for Spain. He was a Portuguese nobleman with a notable combat record in the Orient and in North Africa. An accomplished navigator and geographer but out of favor at the Portuguese court, he offered his talents to Spain.

Young King Charles V recognized the knightly character and superior qualities of Magellan and entrusted to him the command of an expedition that was to try once more to discover a way to the East Indies by sailing westward across the Atlantic, a goal that Columbus and his many successors had failed to achieve. Although he was steadfastly supported by the King, Magellan was handicapped in his undertaking not only by the subversive opposition of Portugal, whose monopoly of Oriental commerce was threatened, but also by mutinies fomented by Spanish politicians whose corrupt interests were opposed to Magellan's loyal service to the Crown.

His five small clumsy ships had towering forecastles and sterncastles and shallow, round-bottomed, unsheathed hulls that leaked continuously. They were kept afloat by unceasing labor at primitive wooden pumps. They had a few tiny cabins for the higher officers but the warrant grades and crew had no shelter and ate and slept on the exposed sodden deck in all climates.

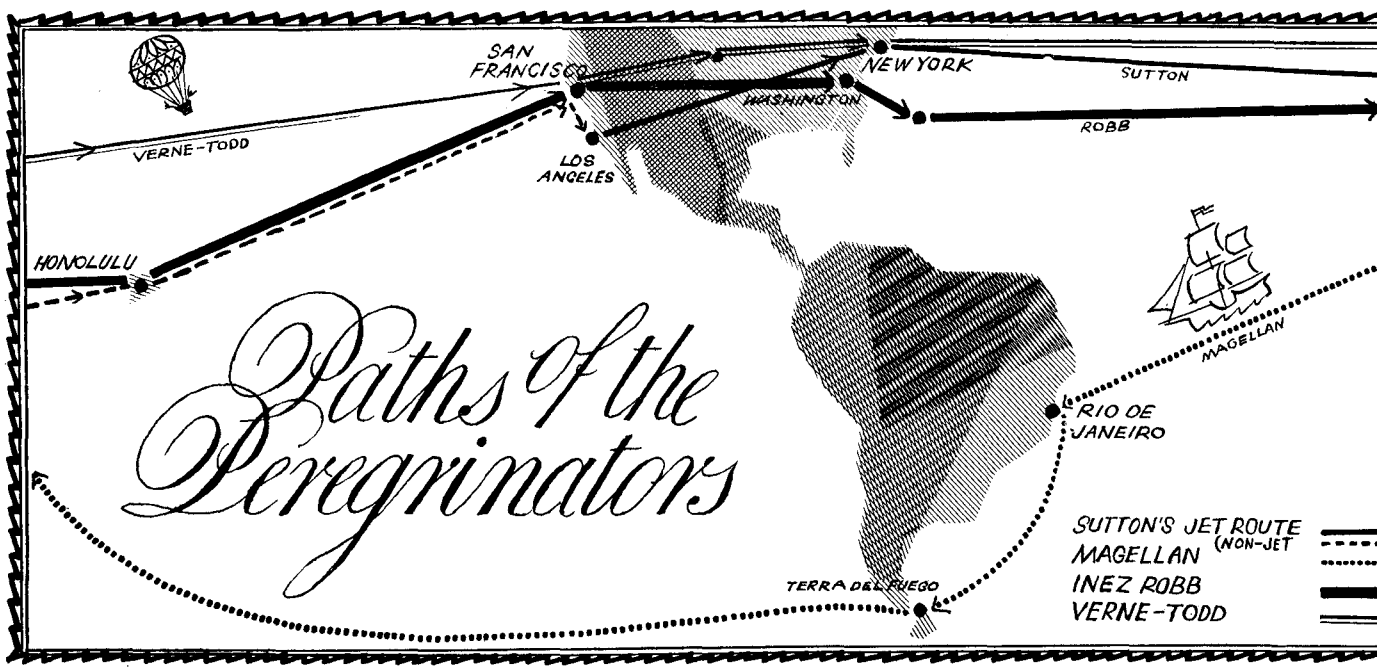
With only three sails, a square foresail, a mainsail and a lateen mizzen and with neither topsails nor jibs, they could not tack but could sail only with a fair wind. At best they made four knots.

In these primitive craft, without charts and having only compass, hourglass and astrolabe, Magellan, sailor par excellence, sailed utterly unknown seas. He could calculate latitude by the sun but had no dependable means of even guessing longitude.

It was a confident flotilla that, with bombards thundering farewell salvoes and every banner displayed, spread its sails and went to sea on Tuesday, 20 September 1519. At the Canaries, Magellan took on charcoal and fresh fish, and then steered a course no sensible sailor would have followed, for he headed deliberately into the dreaded doldrums off the African coast. In the equatorial furnace of that blighted windless sea, his five ships were becalmed for three weeks, while the crew cursed the day they had enlisted under so inept a commander. By hiding there, Magellan eluded the three strong squadrons the King of Portugal had sent to destroy his armada.

AT WHAT is now Rio de Janerio he traded trifles for supplies with naked Indians who believed the ships' boats were the offspring of the caravels.

From Rio Magellan kept inshore and methodically explored the Coast until he reached the River Plate where for three weeks he stubbornly searched for the hoped-for Strait. Frustrated, he again led the armada out into the wintry Atlantic on a southerly course and entered every



Paths of the Peregrinators

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coastal indentation. The ships anchored at dusk and hoisted sail at dawn, and some days they were farther back at sundown than they had been at sunrise. In one wild storm the fleet was dispersed, so that each vessel was alone, without knowledge of the fate of the others. Another tempest bottled up the whole flotilla in a little gulf for six days, during all of which time they could not anchor, but darted back and forth like frightened swallows trapped in a room.

For sixty days Magellan had no real repose nor did he wear a dry garment. The shrieking Antarctic gales tore at the ships as they worked inshore along the unknown coast under storm canvas, the rigging covered with ice and the waist deck a sluice of great green seas. No fires could be lighted, nor could warm food be served; a piece of uncooked dried fish and an onion or a handful of wormy raisins could be snatched at intervals in the labor. No lights could be used except the tiny binnacle lamp. Each man's salt encrusted clothes were so frozen that they crackled and caused sores on their chafed skin. Fingers were cracked and finger nails lost from clutching at frozen canvas and pulling on icy ropes. Their beards had icicles, and noses, ears, and toes were frostbitten. They slept on the open deck.

It seemed impossible for the buffeted ships to creep farther into the frigid seas. The officers urged Magellan to turn back, but he doggedly continued on his course, peering ashore through the spray for the opening to the Strait. In sixty days the armada had made but a thousand miles of tortured progress.

Trailing unhappily behind in their plunging craft, the Spanish captains cursed Magellan's leadership and ached to be rid of him. At last they openly mutinied, commanding three ships against his two, but the veteran fighter attacked and gained the day. Of the three malcontent captains, two were killed and one was marooned.

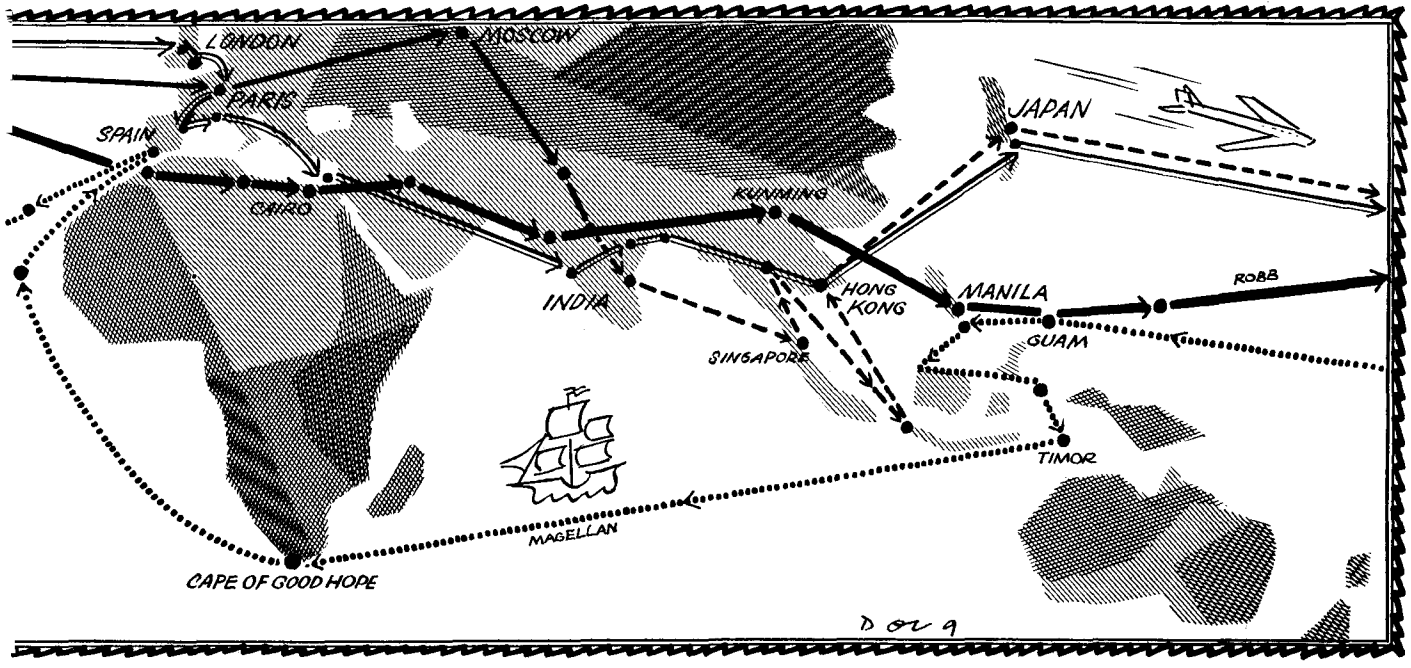
AFTER wintering at a bay in Patagonia, Magellan resumed his southerly search and, by a veritable miracle, two ships were driven by a frightful polar tempest right into the hidden entrance to the long-sought Strait. His smallest ship was destroyed in a storm and his largest ship, with most of the provisions aboard, now deserted. Magellan with his three remaining vessels sailed cautiously down the narrow, cliff-bordered Strait, where the gales unpredictably shifted their direction, and the forty-foot tides rushed at a speed far greater than that which any of the ships could muster.

After the Strait was discovered, his officers urged a return to Spain because of a lack of provisions, but he said: "Even if we have to eat the leather wrappings on the masts and yards, I will still go on to discover what I promised Our Lord the King, and I trust God will aid us and give us good fortune."

Finally, the three caravels in single file cleared the northern promontory, plunging and rolling in the wild sea where the tide rushing from the straits encountered the great eastward-surging swells. Then Magellan's flagship signalled the *Victoria* and the *Concepcion* to draw up in close formation. Padre Valderrama, in festival vestments, stood high on the poop of the *Trinidad* and raised a large brass crucifix as he invoked the grace of Our Lady of Victory, the Patroness of the armada.

The Captain General and his company knelt, and the priest bestowed a benediction upon the little flotilla, and upon the unknown sea into which they were venturing. All joined in chanting the Te Deum, and the earnest voices from the other two ships reached Magellan above the surge of the waves and the cries of the seabirds circling above. He held erect his silken banner of command bearing the lions and castles of Castile. All three ships broke out their bunting, and each thundered a broadside in homage to the Great South Sea. The startled seafowl flew high in the sky with shrill cries, and the ships were wreathed in billows of black, sulphurous smoke that trailed to leeward. Magellan turned to the officers on the quarter-deck and said: "Gentlemen, we are now steering into water where no ship has sailed before. May we always find them as peaceful as they are this morning. In this hope I shall name this sea the Mar Pacifico."

THE voyage became more and more terrible. Almost all the crew were down with scurvy. Stricken men lay groaning wherever there was a bit of shade. Those still on their feet tottered and staggered. The sick had such swollen joints that they screamed when they had to move a hand or foot. Ulcers broke out all over their bodies. Their gums were puffed out and their teeth were covered by the pulpy growth; when they tried to eat, their teeth loosened in the sock-



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ets and fell out. Their palates became so enlarged and sore that men died of starvation rather than swallow what food was available. The fetid breath of the sufferers was almost unbearable. At last, there was absolutely nothing left to eat. Twenty-five men in the fleet were so weakened by scurvy and hunger that they could not stand, but lay helpless on the decks. Nineteen members of the company had been buried at sea, dead of scurvy.

Never complaining, never despairing, Magellan would take his observations each day, study the chart, and scan the horizon in the expectation of seeing a distant shape. Many a time his hopes rose, only to be abandoned sadly when a vague mass proved to be but a cloud.

The armada no longer hove to at night, in spite of the danger of driving ahead in the darkness in an unknown ocean. The crews lacked the strength and the will to haul upon the heavy sails twice daily, and Magellan fatalistically decided to run whatever risk there might be. He knew that in their desperate situation they could not afford to lose the fifty or sixty miles of westing progress which the nightly run represented.

And then at the break of the 100th day in the Pacific, the lookout at the masthead screamed, "Praise God! Praise God! Praise God! Land! Land! Land!" And he burst into a fit of weeping. Far ahead on the starboard was a mountain peak.

Below him on the deck there were raucous shouts, shrill laughter, and yells. Dying men tottered to the rail, men previously too weak to walk, clambered up the shrouds like monkeys. Someone touched off the lombard that was kept loaded on the poop as an emergency signal. Minutes later there were answering flashes and loud booms from the *Victoria* and the *Concepcion,* and the standard of Castile was hoisted on each ship. The ship's company wept unashamedly as they intoned the Laudate Domine.

Magellan had discovered Guam and soon thereafter reached his goal, the great Archipelago of the Philippines. He had circumnavigated the globe. There he laid for his King the foundation of a Christian empire and met his end most heroically defending the retreat of a repulsed landing party.

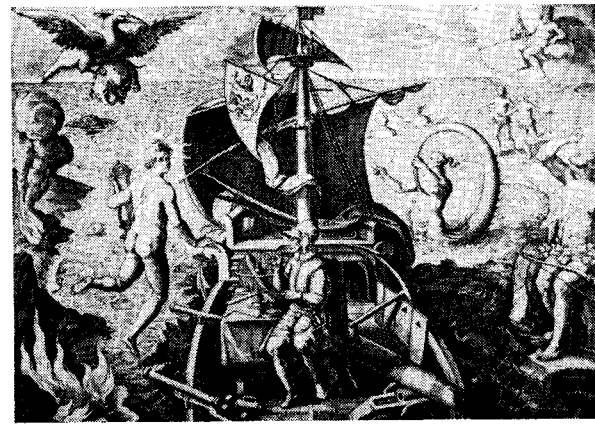
Soon after his death, all of the officers of the armada were massacred at a banquet. The two surviving vessels under command of unskilled warrant officers then slowly worked their way from island to island to reach the Moluccos.

After establishing there a fortified base for Spain, they loaded with valuable spices and set sail. The *Trinidad* boldly essayed an easterly course homeward but after nearing Japan was forced back by storms and had to surrender to the Portuguese in the Moluccos.

The little *Victoria* followed the known route westward via the Island of Timor, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Cape Verde Islands, and after mutinies, desertions, scurvy and starvation, it, too, barely escaped capture by the Portuguese. The scarecrow of a weatherbeaten, battered caravel electrified the world by tying up nonchalantly at its old berth in Sanlúcar to discharge the eighteen emaciated survivors, the First Circumnavigators.

The survivors walked barefoot with lighted candles to give thanks at the shrine of Our Lady of Victory. Their Noble Captain Magellan was not there to lead them, but his genius had settled the question of the sphericity of the world, of the habitability of the Antipodes, of the globe's linear circumference and of the length of a degree of longitude and had recorded the calendar loss of a day in the westerly girdling of the globe.

Aside from del Cano, the circumnavigators got little reward, and the families of Magellan and his lost comrades received nothing at all. But for the bankers there was no loss, for the rich cargo of the *Victoria* more than paid for the cost of all the lost ships and cargo.



An allegory of Magellan's first circumnavigation of the globe in 1522: A Portuguese in disfavor, he sailed for Spain, made first trip to the Far East by sailing westward across the Atlantic. Skimming the east coast of South America, he stopped to trade for supplies at what is now Rio, explored the River Plate's estuary. He finally made a landfall at Guam, later discovered the Philippines where he was killed.

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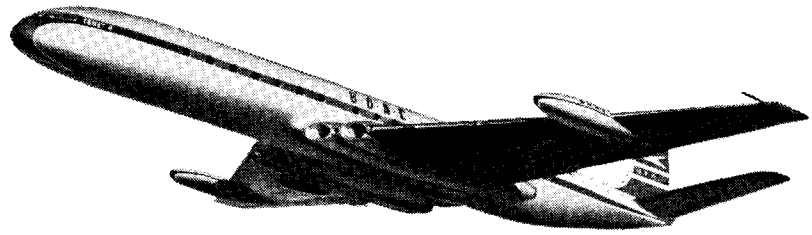

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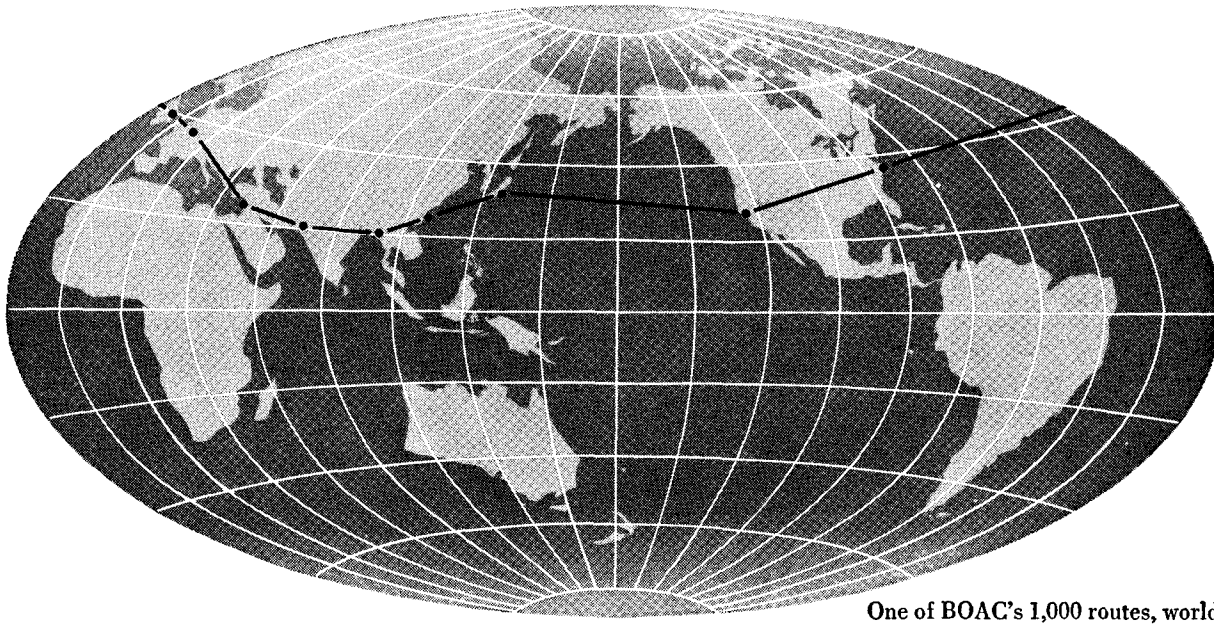

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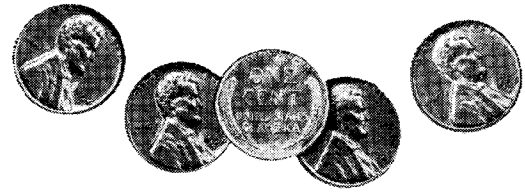

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Verne—His Visions and Voyages

His Ideas Were Fanciful, but He Traveled Mostly in His Mind

JULES VERNE is often called "The Father of Science Fiction."

In his numerous best sellers of almost a century ago, he anticipated much of today's scientific progress. He saw helicopters, submarines, television, skyscrapers, tanks, and guided missiles.

His insatiable curiosity and intense research enabled him to achieve a profound knowledge of most of the scientific developments then in progress. And while his writings were pure flights of fancy, he nonetheless based his "inventions" on solid facts.

Jules Verne, however, did not consciously write "science fiction." He wrote about travel—*Voyages Extraordinaires,* as he called his novels. His long-range submarines and cannon-fired space ships were amazingly imaginative creations, to be sure. But he was not so much concerned with the actual means of transport for his *Voyages* as the wonders to be seen and marvels to explore in the Far Places.

Indeed, his most successful novel, "Around the World in 80 Days," had nothing to do with the fancy-born vehicles of science fiction. It was primarily the narrative of a trip around the world—a *Voyage* that even then (1872) might have been physically possible for anyone with the initiative and enterprise of his fictional Phileas Fogg to duplicate.

—*Culver.*

L'Eclipse showed Verne with the world on a spit.

Nellie Bly, *The New York World's* star reporter, proved it in 1890 by circling the globe in seventy-two days, six hours and eleven minutes. Shortly afterward, a Britisher lowered the record to sixty-three days. And a Frenchman, while Verne was still alive, went around the world in forty-three days—barely half the time taken by the intrepid Phileas Fogg.

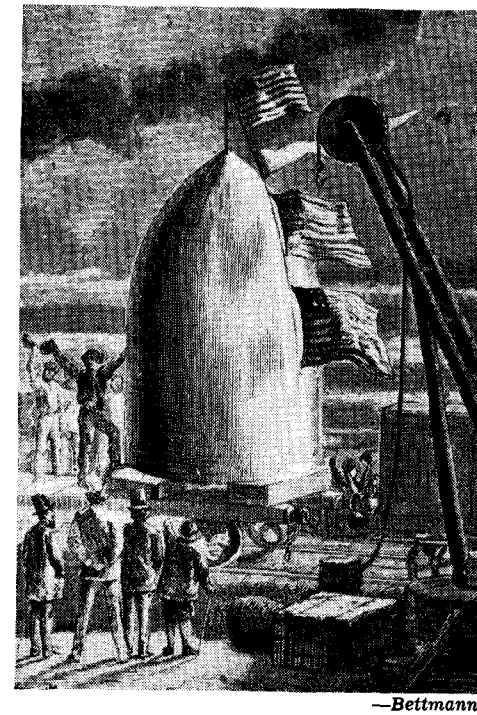
"Around the World in 80 Days," which originally appeared in serial form in *Le Temps,* was certainly Verne's biggest financial success. Before the serial was even finished Verne had offers for the stage rights. "Around the World" finally came to the Paris stage in the spring of 1875. As Marguerite Allotte de la Füye writes in her biography, "Jules Verne, Prophet of a New Age":

> The property room at the Porte Saint Martin Theater became a menagerie, filled with trumpetings of a high-spirited Indian elephant from London, the hissing of snakes, redskins firing revolvers and Hindu charm sellers pressing their philtres on all and sundry. Jules grew worried at this lavish expenditure . . . . . he anxiously interrogated Felix Duquesnel during a rehearsal: 'Between ourselves, will it make a success?' 'No,' replied Duquesnel, 'it will make a fortune.'

The show was a smash hit. *Figaro*

—*Bettmann.*

Nelly Bly, whose real name was Elizabeth Cochrane Seaman, went around the world in 1890, beat Fogg's record by eight days. She wrote dispatches for *The New York World,* later published "Nelly Bly's Book: Around the World in Seventy-Two Days."



—*Bettmann.*

Despite Verne's visions of submarines and rockets, most of which were to come true, his most successful novel was "Around the World In 80 Days," which made him rich and famous. First serialized in Paris papers, it became a smash hit of the Paris stage.

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reported that the play had "put all Paris in holiday mood." "When the theatre opens its doors," a *Figaro* columnist wrote, "the Boulevard St. Martin presents a curious and joyful spectacle." It must have been a joy to Verne and the producers, for the box office the first two weeks was over a quarter of a million francs. Verne was the darling of Paris. He wrote, "I have acquired an incomparable situation in the capital of France. Our Lord Mayor crossed the Channel to shake me by the foot." He was chased by gossip columnists, crowds, and women. As Marguerite de la Füye writes, "His publisher was inundated with letters from the novelist's female admirers, letters from which fell locks of hair both fair and dark." Verne replied to the letters but tossed the hair on the fire with a pair of tweezers. He said, "Mermaids are my only love."

The public sometimes ascribed the exploits of Verne's heroes to Verne himself. Once when he was received, a butler suggested that he take a chair. "You must be tired after all you've done," he told the author. But Verne always had trouble keeping fact and fiction separated in the public mind.

When the series first came out there was so much speculation over Verne's Fogg, that British and American foreign correspondents cabled "exclusive" reports of Phileas Fogg's progress and adventures. Gamblers placed bets on whether he'd make it or not. And at least one transatlantic steamship company offered Verne a handsome sum of money if he would place his hero on one of its ships in New York for the final dash in his daring race against time.

Although Jules Verne may deservedly be called "The Father of Accelerated Travel," he himself was virtually a stay-at-home. Apart from a modest bit of touring in Europe and North Africa, and a hurried six-week trip to America, he traveled almost entirely in his imagination—an imagination that roamed to the ends of the earth, explored its underseas, and soared off into planetary space.

He was on speaking terms with brown men, red men, and yellow men —although he had never seen one in his native habitat. When he was a little boy, Jules and his brother Paul had explored every turn in the river Loire near their home at Nantes. The two resolved one day to sail their tiny skiff straight out into the Bay of Biscay. Jules charted every foot of the journey so carefully that on the day they had planned to leave, he decided not to go. He had already made the trip too often in his imagination. —HARRISON FORMAN.

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The Magic Air Mattress

The First Post-War Flight Buzzed Off at 220 mph, First Stop: Bermuda.

By INEZ ROBB

WHEN I was a child, I used to sit at my great-grandmother's knee (honestly) and listen spellbound (truly) to her stories of crossing the Great Plains to Oregon, via covered wagon, in the days before the Civil War.

And I listened with equal rapture to my grandmother's tales of adventure when, as a girl of sixteen, she crossed the Great Plains in the first railway to span the continent. To be truthful, it didn't quite cross the nation. The railway stopped at Provo, Utah, and there my grandmother took a stagecoach to Boise, Idaho, where her father had preceded her in the Gold Rush.

Now I see my fate written plain as paint. From now on, Old Aunt Inez is going to be asked to relate great tales of derring-do when, in September, 1945, she made a sensational flight around the world in the then record time of six and one-quarter days.

The little nippers at my knee will scream "But, Aunt Inez, HOW could you go so slowly in a plane?" And I shall reply, in my homely way, "Why, we thought we were busting the barrier when we hit 220 miles an hour!"

For almost ten years, I held the somewhat dubious record of having circumnavigated the globe in faster time than any other woman, living or dead. Then, some ambitious girl in Chicago cut me and the record down to size. By commercial plane, she made the journey in about half my record time.

Or, rather, half the record time of the U.S. Air Transport Command, whose guest I was on this 149-hour, forty-two-minute flight around the world. With two other newspapermen, Paul Miller, president of the Gannett Papers, and the late Fred Othman, then of United Press, I was the first tourist to circle the globe following World War II. We took off from Washington, D.C., in a Douglas C-54 transport, christened The Globster, only weeks after the end of the war.

Uncle Sam didn't tell us why he was inaugurating a weekly round-the-world commercial flight (the cost, as I remember, was around $2,000), but it wasn't hard to guess. He had spent billions—does he ever spend less?—building a vast network of airbases around the world. So, while normalcy was being re-established, the old gentleman had every intention of sewing up a round-the-world flight route for American private enterprise when it was ready to take over.

IT will be difficult for the nippers to understand that I spent days before the flight in battling for visas (what are they, Auntie?) and, being jabbed for small pox, in addition to typhus,

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typhoid, tetanus, yellow fever and cholera.

My wardrobe, in one small suitcase, was simplicity itself and prescribed to the last zipper by Uncle Sam. I wore a WAC uniform, including a pair of slacks. Now his Uncle, John Drew, once said of John Barrymore that it took a cataclysm of nature (the San Francisco earthquake) and the United States Army to get him up early and put him to work. Well, it took the United States Air Force to get me into slacks.

As a life-long opponent of slacks on women, I fought the order. But the Air Force won. It was too modest to tell me, until I got in the C-54, that I would have to wear a parachute over water hops (and there is a lot of water to hop on a round-the-world flight) and that the straps to the parachute fastened between my gams.

There was a big hullaballoo attendant upon the Washington take-off. The nippers will find it impossible to understand what a frenzy was caused by the mere announcement that the ATC was to fly around the world in a little more than six days. It was front-page, eight-column banner stuff. There were phalanxes of generals to see us off, and champagne was broken over everything, including the passengers, who had been thoroughly and fearfully briefed before take-off on survival techniques in either ocean or jungle.

The only time I was ready to quit was just before take-off, during the survival lecture, when the sergeant got out a vial and said "This here is shark repellent." It was Robb repellent, too! Imagine the modern world voyager getting such a lecture!

FIVE members of the Air Force (it was the Air Corps, then) made the trip too, including Flight Surgeon Col. M. S. White, who was to keep close watch on us passengers and take regular soundings on our health. It was almost necessary to take a sounding on the colonel's health when he saw me. He had not bargained on any woman on this flight.

Such is man's essential gallantry that he immediately ordered an air mattress put aboard The Globster so that frail woman could nap in comfort. It was a marvelous idea. Only, when it came time for me to bed down the first night over the Atlantic, we discovered that someone had forgotten to put aboard a bicycle pump to blow up the mattress.

From then on, my two confreres and the five Air Force officers and gentlemen spent long hours of the journey blowing up a mattress for madam. We made fourteen stops in addition to Washington, and nowhere could we scrounge up a bicycle pump, although by the time we got to China the men were desperate.

There was no bicycle pump to be had at American bases, where we paused to refuel, in Bermuda, Santa Maria (Azores), Casablanca, Tripoli, Cairo, Abadan (Iran), Karachi, Calcutta, Kunming (China), Manila, Guam, Kwajalein, Honolulu, or San Francisco.

It took almost as long to fly to Bermuda in that far-off day as it took me to fly to London recently in the Comet! As for comfort—we were lucky. The Globster, and we flew in six of them before the round-the-world flight ended, had regular passenger seats. We were at least spared the bucket seats that all of us had endured on air or army flights during the war. We felt pretty luxurious. And at night, I could always stretch out on the floor on my air mattress.

THERE was little or no galley service, although I remember hot coffee in quantity. But cold box lunches were put aboard for us whenever we had to eat a meal in the air. Goodness knows how much it cost the government to send this first group of passengers around the world, but it must have been a pretty penny. But in Washington, D.C. and again on Kwajalein, the authorities carefully col-

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2. You can get a Scotch-and-soda for approximately 35¢. A foaming half-pint of ale for about 14¢.

3. You can buy cashmere sweaters for under $20. Leather pocketbooks for $12.50. And you can bring back $500 worth of goods, *duty-free*.

4. You can get a good seat in a London theater for under $2.

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lected fifty cents from each passenger for his box lunch!

It was one of the oddities of the flight that no matter where we landed, it was almost always time for breakfast. None of us could quite explain this. We only knew that we made a global flight on ham and eggs.

Even in 1945, I was an experienced air traveler, and also a life-long lover of mountains. It was my bad luck on this flight to fly the Hump on a starless, moonless night as black as a derby. We never saw snow or ice of the Himalayas, much less hide or hair of an Abominable Snow Man.

By another odd quirk, I believe I am the only person in the world ever to have traveled over the great land mass of China without ever really seeing anything but the air base at Kunming. The night was Stygian and I was exhausted, by this time, air mattress or no. I could see nothing coming into Kunming and on the way out to the China coast, I slept the sleep of the blessed. We were out over the China Sea before I awoke.

Many persons have loftily remarked that one could surely see NOTHING on a six-day world flight. Nonsense! No one ever saw the Pyramids and the Sphinx, or the Taj Mahal so good as we. All our pilots (the crews changed at each stop) were young, dashing members of the Air Corps.

When the colonel told them to give us a glimpse of the Sphinx, we looked her in the eye. And when he told the boys that Mrs. Robb was eager to see the Taj Mahal, the darling lads flew around it in ever tightening circles until I could sketch the pattern of the pierced marble arches, and see myself in the reflecting pools! It aged me ten years, but as long as I live I shall never forget the Taj Mahal. Or it me, in all probability!

Ah, well, it was a wonderful flight, slow, leisurely and full of fun. No pressurized cabins then. When we flew the Hump, for instance, we breathed oxygen from a mask clamped over the nose, that made each of us look like Mickey Mouse. And since oxygen revs up the human motor, the flight surgeon made us take an hour of it daily, just to keep us going.

Those days are gone forever. But, as I said, it was fun. Only a few months ago, coming home from Paris on Pan-Am's 707 Boeing jet, the pilot pointed out that a jet, flying at the Arctic Circle, could circumnavigate the globe faster than the sun!

Ah, well, mine were the Good, Old Days, when it took a mite more than six days to do the job. And, in a nice, warm way, it gives me, at long last, a wonderful pioneer kinship with my marvelous great-grandmother and my extraordinary grandmother.

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The Wonderful Wide-Screen World of Mike Todd

"Days" Pays $65 Mil as Sphere Clears Second Year

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

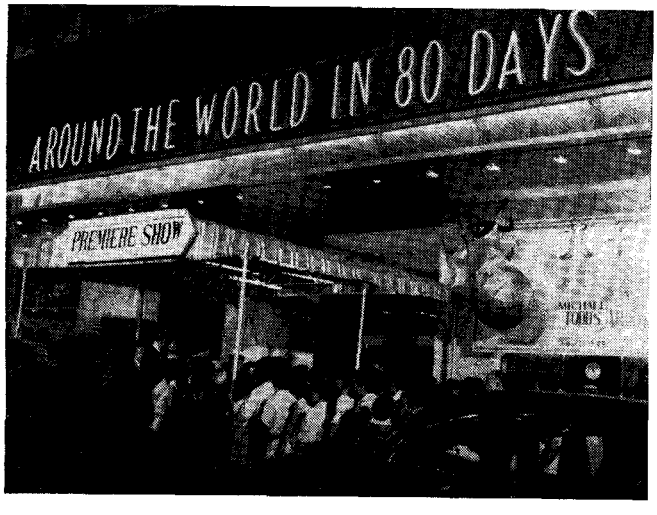
WHEN the late Michael Todd introduced "Around the World in 80 Days" to Broadway in October, 1956, he proceeded, as was his flamboyant custom, to list the "firsts" and "mosts" scored by his star-spangled, wide-screen production. It had, he recorded, "the most stars ever to appear in a picture," "the most people photographed in separate world-wide locations," "the most miles traveled to make a film." It was, also, "the first time units of the Royal Thailand Navy were seen in a film." The figures in themselves were impressive: fifty top stars; 68,984 people photographed in thirteen different countries; 4,000,000 air-passenger miles flown to shoot the film, and another 1,500,000 air-freight miles simply to have the footage processed.

Ironically, Todd, a man who dearly loved statistics, did not live to see the most impressive statistics of all—the statistics measuring the phenomenal success his film has been enjoying around the world ever since. The plane crash that cut short his colorful career a year ago, March 22, 1958, occurred just as the picture was beginning to move into the world market. And the results are already at least as formidable as the resources he lavished upon its production. Two and a half years after its original release, the film has rolled up an estimated world-wide gross of over $65,000,000 from approximately 4,000 theatres (about half of them in the United States). Officials of Michael Todd Productions are unwilling even to guess at what the ultimate "take" will be. They know there will be runs and re-runs, and possibly re-runs after that. In any case, they point out, the picture to date has played in *only* a tiny fraction of the 90,000 theatres presently scattered over the world.

And here, as Mike Todd would put it, is another "first." Films have generally played themselves out in two and a half years. Indeed, the major emphasis is placed upon the first six

Rotterdam—blueprints of the theatre went back to New York.

Rome—at the box office a "hard ticket."



Tokyo—for the first time the subtitles were horizontal.

Stockholm—more customers than the total population.

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months of release. Then advertising is at its peak, and rentals at their highest. Hundreds of prints are rushed into distribution to capitalize on what film exploitation people call the audiences' "want-to-see" while it is at its most intense. The tail end of a run produces only the dribs and drabs from small neighborhood situations and theatres abroad.

The release pattern of "Around the World in 80 Days," established by Todd himself before his death, has pointedly ignored the customary. After two years on Broadway—and comparably extended runs in major cities of the United States—it is currently making its way, at advanced prices, through the larger circuit houses. This summer, still at advanced prices, it will play the drive-ins. Domestic policy from that point on has yet to be established. On the other hand, outside the United States the film is being shown solely on a first-run, reserved-seat basis—and probably will continue to be so for some time to come.

There are a number of reasons for this. Although the film is rarely shown abroad in the 70mm Todd-AO form seen in American first-runs (a 35mm reduction print from the original 70-mm negative is used instead), each presentation requires special lenses and projection set-ups engineered to the specifications of the theatre. The angle of projection, the pitch from the projection booth to the screen, is of paramount importance; new lenses must be precision-ground for each projector to eliminate as far as possible any optical distortion. Blueprints of the theatres are sent to Michael Todd Productions in New York, where a staff of engineers designs the installation for houses as far off as Formosa, Burma, or Thailand.

In addition, the home office is often called upon to establish the box-office procedures for a "hard-ticket" movie in countries where such a policy is either rare or unheard of. When the film opened in Paris, for example, Todd felt that the picture was not doing the business it should. Checking the box office himself, he found it closed between six and seven in

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the evening. "The box office is always closed between six and seven," he was told.

"Not in a theatre that's running *my* show," he replied. Then, discovering that the theatre was using the European system of writing out each reservation individually by hand, Todd hit the ceiling. He shot a wire to his New York headquarters demanding photographs of the box office at the Winter Garden Theatre to show the Parisians how these things are done. Attendance shot up at once. In Caracas, no attraction had ever before been booked on a reserved-seat, extended-run basis. Once more the New York office was called into action and a representative dispatched to look after the Caracas box office. Advertising campaigns, regardless of country, are handled out of New York, with a small staff of trouble-shooters on the road constantly to see to it that nowhere is anyone with the price denied the opportunity to inspect Todd's gold mine.

There are, however, some countries where, despite numerous affluent citizens, the picture will not be run. In Mexico, for example, the Government has placed an arbitrary ceiling of thirty-two cents on movie admissions. Until there is some change either in the ruling, the administration, or Todd policy, Mexicans will have to slip over the border to see "Around the World." Actually, in a number of countries that follow a similar system, the Todd organization, pointing to its reserved-seat policy, has persuaded the government to look upon the show not as a movie at all but as a legitimate theatre attraction and waive its film regulations. In many instances, it has been the first film ever to run on a reserved-seat basis.

And everywhere, from Afghanistan to Venezuela, in fifty-three countries around the world—in Europe, South Africa, the Middle East, Japan, Australia—the result has been the same. Audiences love the film, laughing and applauding its humor, its high imagination, and its magnificent sense of adventure. In Stockholm, where the picture is now in its fifty-ninth week,

NO, THIS IS NOT "ITALY!" *In Italy the piazzas have fountains . . . here they have pigeons. In Italy the churches may have one golden dome . . . here they have five! For Venice is a "state" all its own—in its history, its architecture, its atmosphere. Where else can you sit and sip wine in the very doorway of a great cathedral? Where else can you play hopscotch on the patterned pavement of the main city square? And yet Venice is very Italian, too. The people in this picture have just returned from a sun-filled day on Lido Beach—or from one of Venice's innumerable art and music festivals. The cafe tables fill with strollers, the band tunes up for the afternoon's concert. Could that be you down there by the flagpole? Full information is available from your travel agent, from the Italian State Tourist Office, Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York, or from Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Venice, Italy.*

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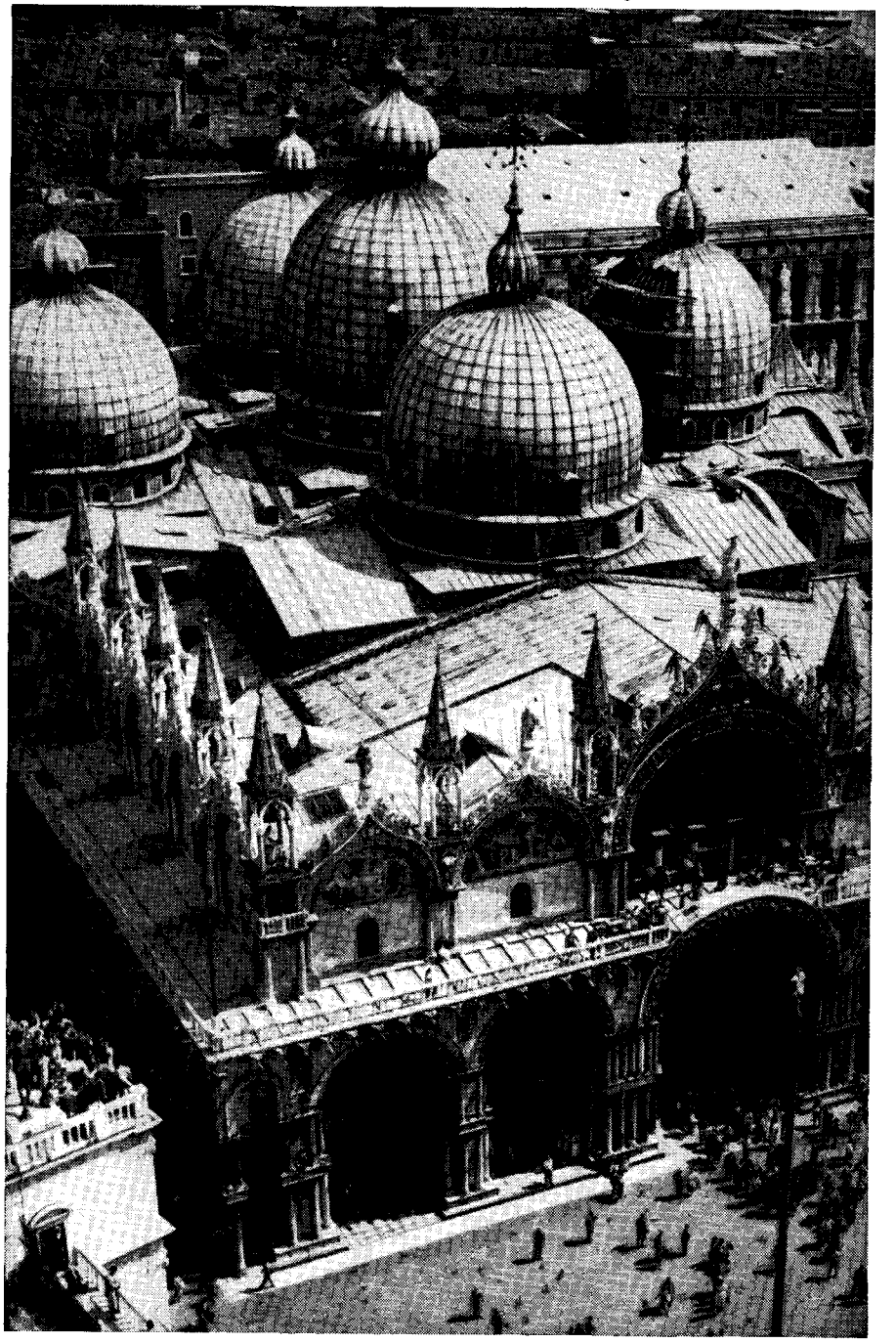

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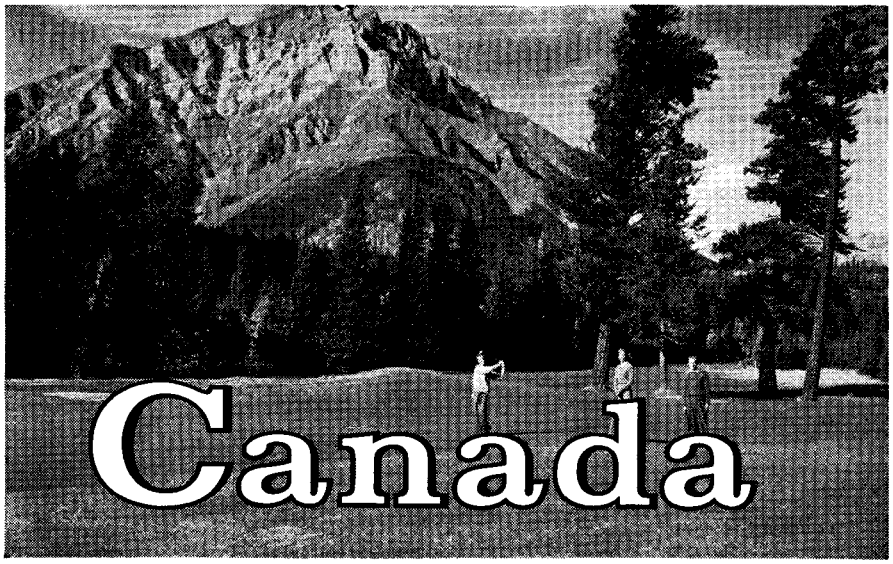

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more people have seen it than the total population. In Sidney, Australia, the film has been running seventy-three weeks; in London, it is in its second year. In Japan, where two weeks is considered a successful run, the picture is in its thirty-sixth week in Tokyo, its thirty-first week in Osaka.

Foreign audiences see the film in any one of five different versions for, in addition to English, it has been dubbed into French, German, Italian and Spanish. (Cantinflas himself dubbed the Spanish-language version.) There are also perhaps a dozen different titled versions, and an even greater variety of titles in combination with foreign languages. In Egypt, for example, the film is shown in the French-dubbed version, with three additional sets of sub-titles stacked one on the other at the bottom of the screen. In Japan, where the English version is being shown, the sub-titles for the first time have been placed horizontally, taking full advantage of the wide Todd-AO frame, rather than in Japan's normal vertical arrangement.

WHAT has interested the Todd organization particularly has been the varying responses of audiences around the world to the same picture. "It seems that the farther away from the States we get, the more excited the audiences are by our so-called 'cameo performances'—the stars who make those brief appearances in our film," Mike Todd, Jr. reported recently. A dark, soft-spoken young man, Todd at thirty has suddenly found himself in charge of his father's intricate empire. "It has also struck me," he continued, "that Phileas Fogg's eccentricities are appreciated far more in Europe than they are here. I suspect that the Europeans recognize the special culture patterns that shaped them, and enjoy seeing them being kidded. On the other hand, certain scenes—like the one in which Fogg and his faithful servant Passepartout go sailing over the Alps—seem to produce precisely the same note of pleasure whether viewed in Syria, Israel, or San Francisco.

"I think the main reason for our international success," Todd concluded, "is the fact that 'Around the World' is primarily a visual experience, and those visuals are primarily travel views. People today are every bit as curious about their neighbors on the other side of the world as they were in Jules Verne's time—perhaps even more so. And despite jet airplanes, for most of us the only way to get around the world in eighty days is still the movies."

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A Monument for the Mumtaz

The Shah Vowed to Build Her a Memorial That All the World Would Always Remember

By HORACE SUTTON

AGRA.

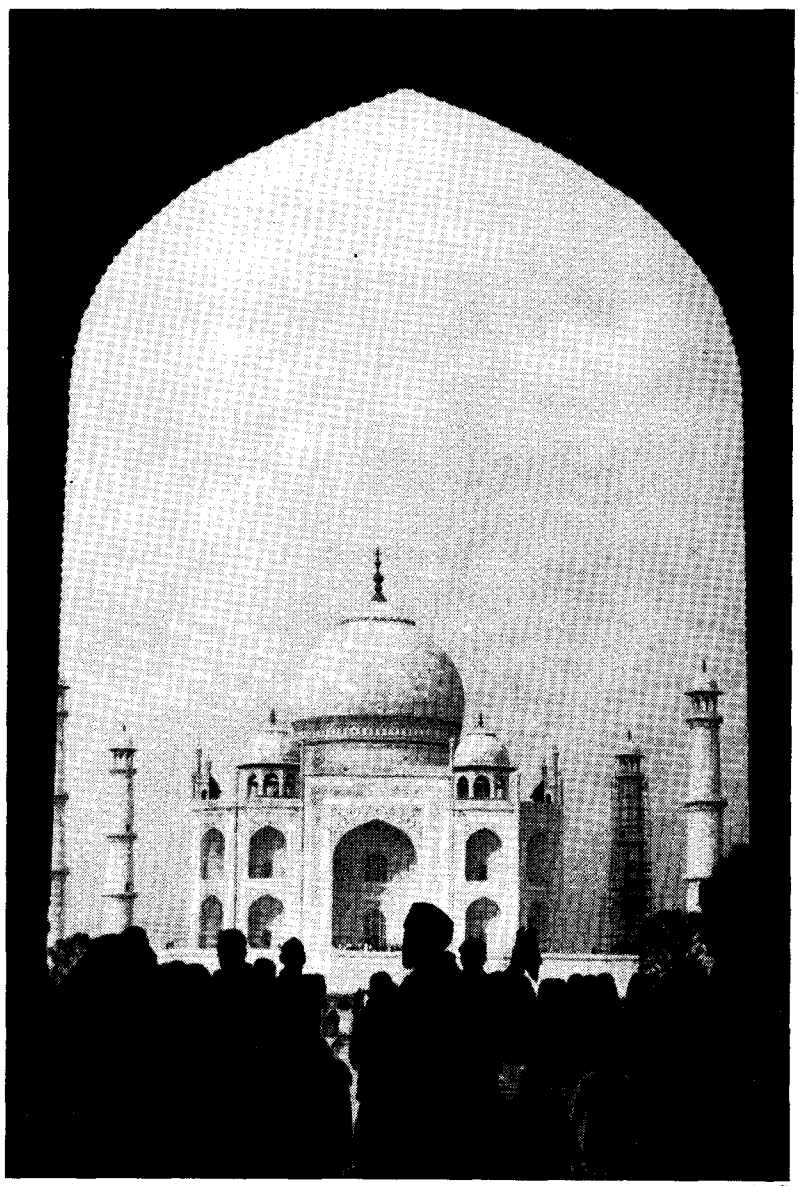
I THINK, as I look back on it now, that we would have been content, and certainly not bored, to stay in New Delhi until the monsoons and the summer temperatures either floated us away or baked us to a crisp. But first-time travelers to India most certainly cannot get away without a look at the Taj from a variety of angles and in a number of lights, among which are day- and moon-.

Prisoners of tradition, we boarded a train one afternoon, had a cup of tea with friends in our compartment, and were forthwith rattled and rolled off to Agra, the small town that harbors the Taj, 122 miles from Delhi. A porter, who seemed like a mass of rags with brown extremities protruding here and there, put our suitcase on his head, marched us to a cab and shortly we were weaving down the tree shaded driveway of Laurie's ancient hotel.

Of all the institutions we had seen so far in India, Laurie's seemed still to be the most deeply steeped in the abandoned British ways. By that I mean, I guess, that they had not only been long since abandoned by the Indians, but by the home-grown Britons themselves. Dinner, served by a vintage bearer in white coat and trousers, white sneakers and turban, ended in a ruffle and flourish of Indian Jello, followed by a savoury of seven baked beans on toast, followed by bits of maple sugar candy and peanuts. It was a succession of sweet and sour tastes that brought vertigo to the palate. Steadying ourselves, we tiptoed past the main salon where a conjurer was holding a seance for the guests, made for our room, where we crawled under the mosquito netting and went to bed. Dogs howled outside all night—perhaps they had been fed gems from the table—and mosquitoes were forever bashing their antennae on our netting, but thankfully these interruptions finally ceased when a knock came at the door in the darkness. Stumbling in the black I came to the door trailing a bridal veil of mosquito netting in my hair. Flinging open the portal I was faced with a bearer bearing morning tea. "No morning tea," I shouted like an ingrate. My voice had no more than subsided when another head popped up behind the tea-bearing bearer and said hopefully, "You want a newspaper?"

On the way to breakfast, which we decided to take sitting up in the dining room under an old print of Tivoli Gardens, we were earnestly solicited by a small man wearing a brown suitcoat over a white *dhoti*, and a fur overseas cap. He carried a bag and asked if we wanted a haircut. We didn't, so he said perhaps we would like a massage. And if we didn't want a massage now we would certainly need one after visiting the Taj, so he would return at five.

ONCE out of the dining room we were beset by a soulful man with a clutch of sparrows, which had been made up to look like canaries. He carried the canaries on a rod and would, at the slightest indication from



—*H. S.*

Worldly Wonder—you first see the marble onion domes of the Taj from a distance, later framed in an arch, then at last at the end of a long reflection pool with Indians in a thousand brilliant saris walking alongside the bordering trees.

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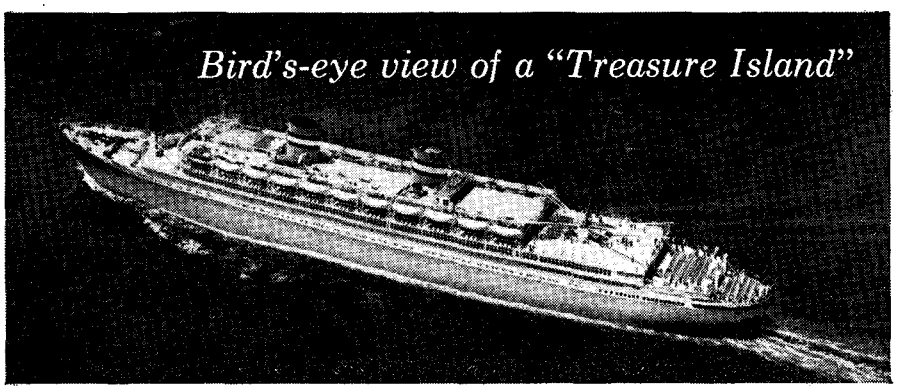

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us, be happy to send the birds through barrel rolls, loop-the-loops, and Immelmans in a way that would have brought tears to the eyes of von Richtofen. As a testimonial, he carried a framed letter that attested to the fact that his birds had performed in a J. Arthur Rank production and had put on a very interesting little show, all right. Letters of reference are necessary in the tourist-badgering business in India. They were also carried by the barber-masseur as well as by a scrubby roadside conjurer whom we had encountered days before on a roadside near Delhi. This open-air entrepreneur was dazzling a comfortable crowd with the shell game on a road outside Delhi one day, while a mongoose on a leash moved about nervously. A jute bag alongside the magician's feet gave promise that there might eventually be a cobra-mongoose fight if you waited long enough, but he interrupted his own performance so often to show us letters of testimonial and dun us for more money that we finally left.

Promoters of snake and mongoose fights can be found in front of the entrance of all small town tourist hotels; indeed, in front of Laurie's one can scarcely pass the front gate without being serenaded by a cacaphony of snake-charmer horns advertising cobra dances and mongoose fights.

Threading our way through this bazaar of goods and services we rode out first to Fatehpur Sikri, the deserted city twenty-three miles from Agra, which, like the Taj, and for that matter all the relics in Agra, was built between 1556 and 1707. Fatehpur Sikri itself, an awesome collection of temples and towers within a two-mile long compound, was begun by Akbar in 1569. Akbar intended it as a new capital, moving his headquarters from Agra because a blessing from a holy man who had lived in Fatehpur Sikri had resulted in the birth of Akbar's son and heir. For the holy man, Shaikh Salim Chishti, a Moslem saint, Akbar built a palace of white marble that is the most exciting building in the settlement today. Strings are still tied to the carved marble grills by those who seek the intervention of the Shaikh, and the iron shoes of sick horses are affixed to the great wooden door.

The emperor received his subjects and heard their plaints in the Hall of Public Audiences, and when it was time for relaxation he adjourned to the courtyard where he sat on a pedestal and contemplated chess moves on a large board. Handsome women of the court were used as chess pieces. In the courtyard too, was the seat of the astrologer, who predicted the future for the whole court, and issued

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a daily horoscope for all events on the calendar of court activities. On the advice of his astrologer, Akbar wore sapphire armbands and an emerald pendant, the stones most auspicious for those whose ruling planet is Jupiter.

Highest of all the houses in Fatehpur Sikri is the Panch Mahal, a five-story tower that resembles a Buddhist temple. Standing on the top floor, under the dome supported by four columns, visitors can still survey the vastness of Akbar's city, surrounded as it is by great green plains. But Fatehpur Sikri was a bust, because it had no water, and it was abandoned in short order. There is water today, for some local daredevils are prepared to jump from Akbar's towers into a moss-green pool forty feet below. The going price is forty-two cents, American. There are no inhabitants in the place today, but tourists can stay in the deserted city in so-called archaeological bungalows at sixty-three cents for two per day, children under twelve free.

But Fatehpur Sikri, however staggering, is only an *hors d'oeuvre* to the Taj Mahal. The Taj has been called "a poem in marble" and "a teardrop in the cheek of history" and many other things more or less poetic, but of all the great spectacles of which one had heard much before seeing—Paris, Tahiti, "Hell's Angels," "My Fair Lady"—The Taj more than any other lives up to its advance notices and leaves no room for disappointment.

The Shah Jahan, the fifth Mughal emperor, who also built the giant Red Fort and the Jama Mosque in Delhi, had four wives, but best of all he loved the Arjumand Banu Begum, otherwise known as the Mumtaz Mahal. She ran a trim palace, was a wise counselor to her husband, was renowned for her social work and bore the Shah fourteen children. According to some sources she died in the birth of the fourteenth child while the Shah was off in battle. When he returned he was so grieved that he suspended the court for two months, wore the simplest of raiment, and turned gray. He vowed to build a temple to her memory that all the world would remember for all time.

Architects were summoned from as far away as Italy, but the king worked closest with a Persian named Ustad Afsinda, to whom he is said to have translated the vision of the building, which came to him in a dream. Twenty-thousand laborers worked on the Taj for seventeen years, and aside from the incredible artistry that they performed, they didn't forget such details as hooks on the outside of the dome so latter-day steeplejacks could clean it, and canting the four minarets

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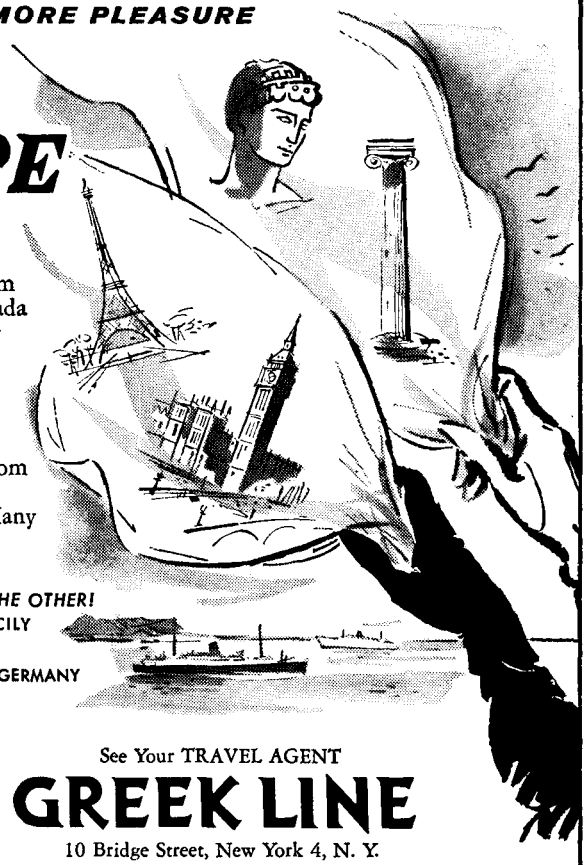

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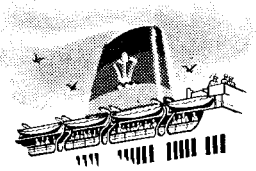

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away from the main building so that in case of an earthquake they would fall away from the main memorial.

If you approach by the normal route you first see the marble onion domes of the Taj from a distance, then later, as you walk through the entranceway, you see it framed in an arch, then at last at the end of a long reflection pool, with Indians in a thousand brilliant saris walking alongside the bordering trees. The white walls are inlaid with bits of jade, cornelian, agate, jasper and golden marble. At the staircase that leads up to the tomb, you take off your shoes if you are an Indian, or if you are a tourist, more likely you let an attendant cover them with a shoe bag. The tomb of the Mumtaz, covered with an ornate patina of inlaid jeweled flowers, lies even with the doorway, perfumed in a cloud of incense. The tomb of the Shah Jahan stands alongside, placed there by a thoughtful daughter. But as with most Moslem tombs, these are just for show and the bodies lie in a vault below.

The view by moonlit night is a splendid one when the domes seem to float like man-made clouds in the deep-sea blue. But everywhere underfoot are the photographers taking time exposures and the cajoling groundskeepers who walk by kerosene lantern and pass you along from

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one to another until each man has made an adequate tip. Mostly, they tell you what the guides have told you by daylight, but an added fillip of the moonlight visit is a yodel, which is launched against the eighty-foot dome; the ring returns for fifteen seconds.

In true Moslem fashion the Taj has all the prerequisites for a fitting memorial—it is preceded by a portal gate, it is enhanced by a garden, there is a religious school building on its right, it has a mosque on the left, there are two sets of graves, one on the upper level and another underneath, and it is near the water. Like none other it cost an estimated 300,000,000 rupees, when the rupee was worth ten times its value today (21 cents). The splendor and the cost is enough to make a man lose all incentive for bargaining with the snake charmers and the snake-skin sellers, the bird trickster, the barber-and-masseur, all of whom would be waiting under the *gulmohar* or goldpiece trees at the entrance to Laurie's Hotel when we and the thousands of green parrots who live there too, would come home at last to roost.

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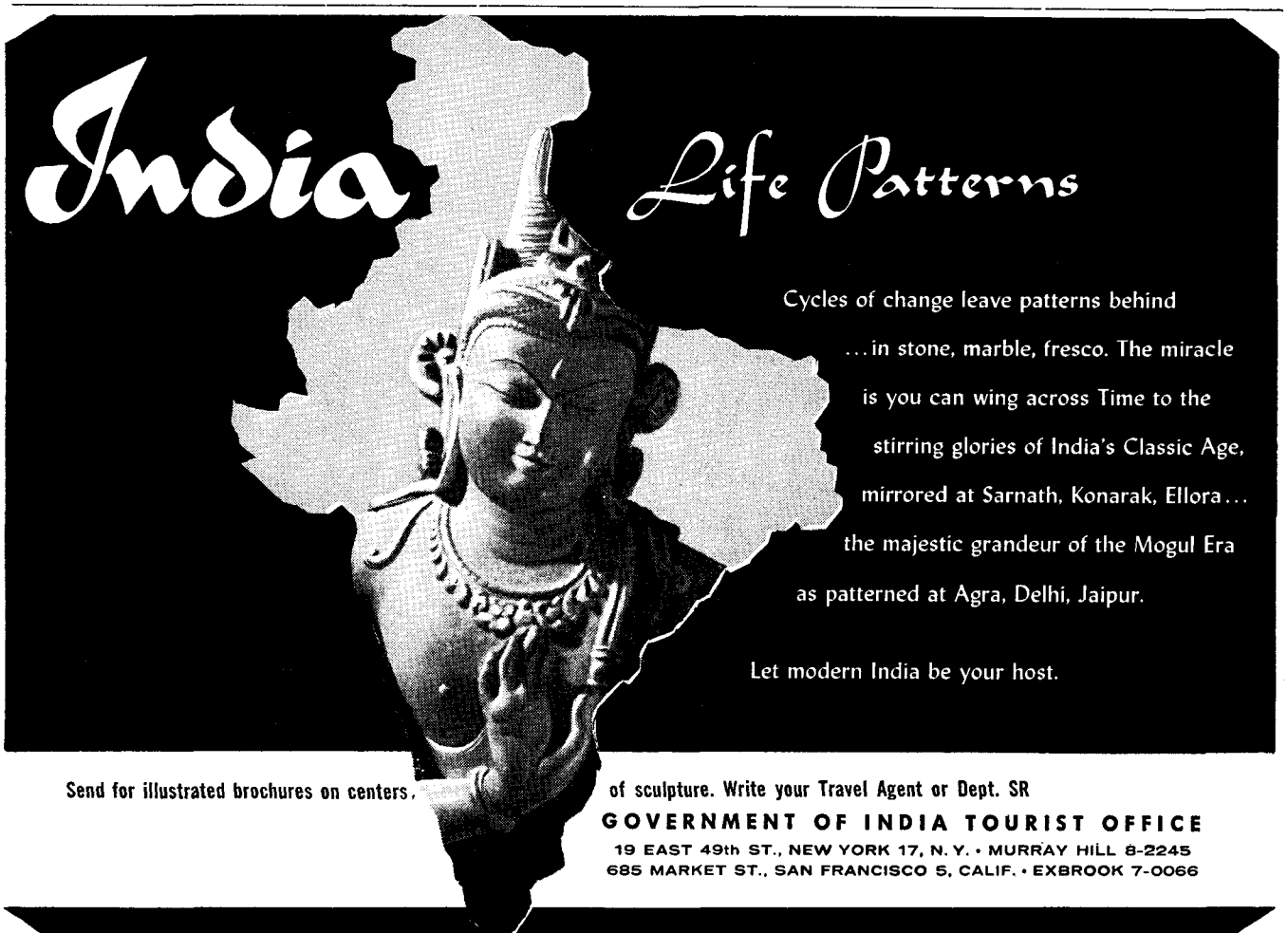
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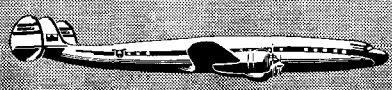

TRAVELER'S TALES

By Jeanette Wakin

FREYA Stark, whose books about the Near East have become classics of travel literature, once said that the only explanation she could offer for traveling alone in remote desert lands was an interest in Arabic grammar. It was a statement rarely accepted by perplexed colonial officials and concerned friends, who asked if she had no purpose, no sense of responsibility. Miss Stark replied that she studied Arabic and traveled single-mindedly for fun, and if other, well-regulated minds thought her deficient in the above two virtues, then she would be the first to admit it. Ever since she first landed on the coast of Syria in 1927, she has set out regularly into country that often was not yet under political administration, and where the movement of ladies was not only frowned upon but downright forbidden. Miss Stark made light of such effete regulations and her own determined excursions were probably responsible for the gray hair of more British administrative officials than any traveler to the area except, perhaps, the redoubtable Gertrude Bell.

The travel books that Freya Stark has produced, for fun, are no less than eloquent excursions into history—guidebooks in time, so to speak, that justify her frequent comparison with Kinglake, Doughty, and T. E. Lawrence. Through the years her books have grown increasingly philosophical and reflective and until recently have been concerned largely with remote lands where Arabic and Persian are spoken. **"Alexander's Path"** (Harcourt, Brace, $6.75) is the latest of Miss Stark's books and the third about her travels along the western and southern coasts of Turkey. It was made by horse or jeep along ways little frequented, through a land of great beauty and rich in history, in search of Alexander the Great's route.

Although Alexander's march through Asia has been brilliantly documented by both his contemporaries and modern scholars, the year and a half he spent after crossing the Hellespont in 334 B.C. remains one of the most obscure periods in the Macedonian's campaigns. Miss Stark attributes the lack of sources to the fact that Asia Minor, now far away and elusive, was part of the everyday world in Alexander's time. Indeed, the ruins there have scarcely been altered, and the methods of travel remain as slow as they ever were.

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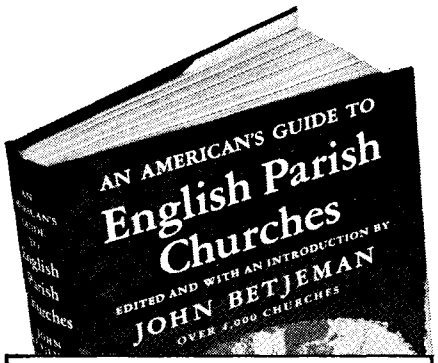

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tions, with a careful study of the geography of the region, Miss Stark has been able to piece together much evidence for the motives and processes of Alexander's campaigns. Like a detective unraveling clues, she also discovered the human story of his connection with Ada, the Queen of Caria, and her entangled family affairs, a story of considerable historical interest. Alexander of the Two Horns was twenty-two when he landed in Asia Minor (he had but eleven years more to live); nevertheless the breadth of his vision for a united world and the equality of peoples is already evident in Miss Stark's story. But perhaps it was his love of geography and the explorer's eagerness for the unknown that so captivates the author. She herself never neglects the business of travel nor the contacts with Turkish peasants who befriend and shelter her, the modern inhabitants of Pamphylia, Lycia, and Cilicia. "Alexander's Path" is a rare travel book, and, like most of her others, is illustrated with her own photographs. There are appendices and a bibliography as well.

While Freya Stark had some solid facts to go on, Louis Golding, the author of **"Goodbye to Ithaca"** (Thomas Yoseloff, $6) had but the fragile structure of a myth, the odds and ends of scholarship, and a lifelong determination to follow the route of Odysseus to Ithaca. The book is the posthumous publication of a man who began his Homeric journey in 1916, when wearing the uniform of a British soldier, he was sent to Salonica to fight the Turks. Having no bag of winds to play around with, he got no closer to Ithaca than the deck of a steam packet sailing by, two or three islands away. In the early Twenties, the war and his Oxford days over, Golding went Siren-hunting on the southern coasts of Italy, but neither then nor in succeeding voyages did he reach the home of Odysseus. Finally, in 1953, he reached the Ionian isle, having spent many more years on his journey than his hero. A month after he departed, an earthquake tore the island apart and left it unrecognizable.

"Goodbye to Ithaca" is the account of these several voyages through the Aegean and Mediterranean seas. The quest is a leisurely one, and Golding gradually constructs and reaffirms relationships between Homer's people and places and those of today. Though archeologists, by nature a cautious group, will say that there is no place in the Odyssean voyages except, perhaps, Ithaca and Troy, which can actually be located, Golding's inspired guesses are both poetic and imaginative. The metropolis of Sirenland, he thought, must have been Capri, partly

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because the Caprese themselves are so certain of it.

His conclusions will not upset readers partial to scientific truth, if only because the narrative is absorbing and the author's view of others consistently kind and filled with curiosity. Golding is a born raconteur (he is the author of some forty-six books, mostly novels, but including works on boxing, food, and Jewish affairs). Some of his descriptions are extremely funny, and it will be hard to forget a trip with a boatload of motley, child-like Turkish soldiers, not one of whom had ever seen a ship before. The book is illustrated with photographs, unfortunately poorly reproduced and not much to the point.

Aegean lands may furnish adequate reminders of a lyrical and heroic past, but if the traveler is seeking plain historical solidity he need go no farther than Hoarwithy, Bishopwearmouth, or Barton-under-Needwood in the English countryside. John Betjeman, the poet and critic, has compiled a notable addition to guides of England in terms of its most familiar landmarks. **"An American's Guide to English Parish Churches"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $6.50) is a tidily arranged, county-by-county Baedeker of belfries and churchyards, interior fittings and structural design. Illustrated with sixty-six pages of excellent photographs and many more sketches, the book is a virtual critical dictionary of more than 4,000 Anglican churches. Local experts, guided by Mr. Betjeman's stringent rules, selected their favorites from four times that number. Each county is introduced by a short essay on the history of church architecture in that district, a description of its scenery, and some of the social and economic facts that determined the characteristics of its parish churches.

The editor has written an enlightening and witty introduction to the rich variety of churches which grow thick on the landscape of England: the splendid stone reminders of a prosperous fifteenth-century wool trade; the town church, "smelling of furniture polish and hot water pipes, a shadow of the medieval marvel it once was," which fell victim to the overzealous restoration of the Victorians; the tiny, scarcely visited hamlet church; and the tall urban remnant of the carriage trade. New churches, many serving the needs of the semidetached, council-housing industrial community are, needless to say, excluded, as are those competing in architecture and decoration with the local movie house. We are grateful for Mr. Betjeman's impeccable judgment; his book should enliven any traveler's stay in England.

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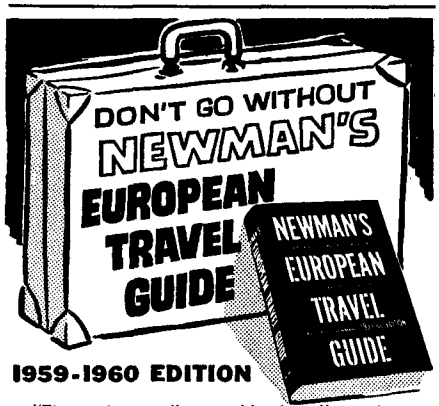

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Around the World

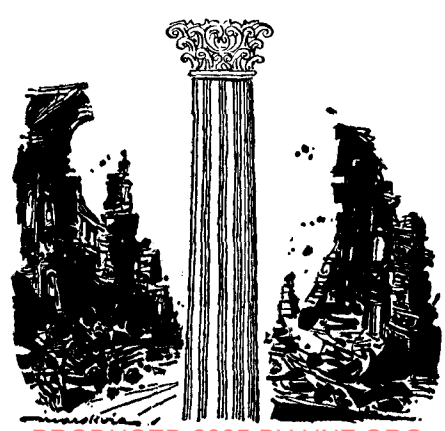
Continued from page 31

Paris, by way of Moscow and Tashkent all the way to Delhi. As we prepared to continue by the pistons and propellers of Air India and Japan Airlines into Southeast Asia, the British announced that they would open jet-powered global routes on April 1st, sending their pure-jet Comets from London to Tokyo and their prop-jet Britannias, that is, jet-powered propeller planes, across the Pacific and the United States to New York, where the passenger could again pick up the Comet for the flight back to London. Qantas, the Australian line, meanwhile, was expecting to put its pure-jet Boeing 707s (already in service across the Atlantic with Pan American and across the nation with American Airlines) into around-the-world service by July, making the whole circuit inside seventy hours.

If jets were much in the news, they were scarcely stealing all the global traffic. This year's world cruise ships were already under sail, and three world cruises have already been announced for 1960—the Bergensfjord heading south from New York through the Panama Canal, then westward across the Pacific under the Equator; the Kungsholm traveling the traditional route by way of the Mediterranean and Suez; and the Caronia. All would leave in January, cover a score or more of ports, stay away for eighty or more days.

For those with less than eighty mid-winter days to spend at sea, the globe-circling jets would certainly open an old-new trip idea. The new vista would be the whole earth circumnavigated in jig jet time. Beyond lay the stratospheres and space. In our time, at this rate, there would yet come a day when it would no longer be a joke if a world-weary traveler would say, "Last year we went around the world, next summer we're going some place else."

—H. S.



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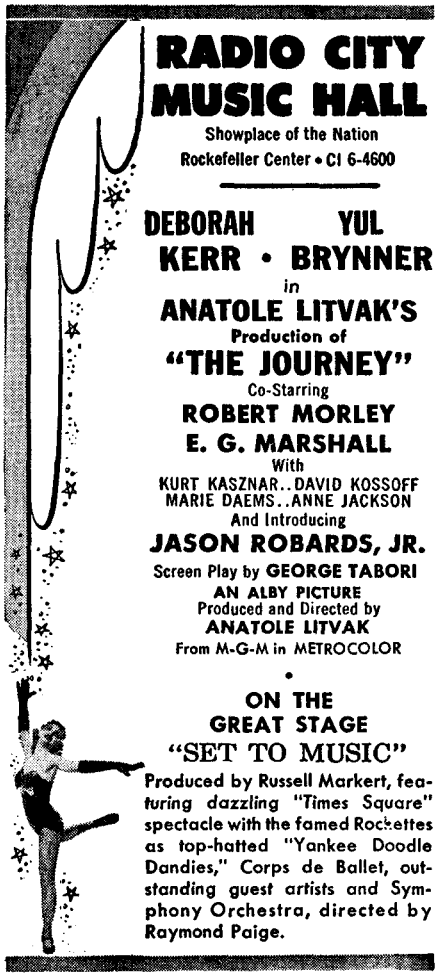

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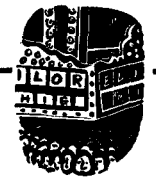

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Matter of Taste

BY EVERY rule of the filmmaker's thumb, **"Tempest"** (Paramount) should have turned out handsomely. It is based on Pushkin stories, boasts a fashionably international cast, a fine Italian director, and extravagantly lavish settings. The exteriors, filmed in Yugoslavia, are crammed at times with 4,500 Yugoslavian cavalrymen and 500 infantrymen. Despite all the standard ingredients for spectacles of this sort—literary sources, historic backgrounds, vast and bloody battles, long-suffering heroes and insufferable villains—nothing seems to jell. Any literary qualities deriving from Pushkin are promptly buried in the dialogue provided by Louis Peterson. The historic backgrounds, centering about Pugachov's Cossack army and the court of Catherine the Great, have that special scrubbed authenticity so often encountered in Technicolor films, as if they had been scrupulously researched but never lived in. And the battles, though frequent, have a curiously convulsive quality, over almost before they have begun.

It takes not only a special skill but a special mentality to bring this kind of pageantry to the screen, a forthright enjoyment of excess such as characterized the works of the late Cecil B. De Mille, who knew to a nicety just how much gore and sex and truth and action to measure into each of his spectaculars, and box offices around the world registered how right he was. Alberto Lattuada, on the other hand, is a man of taste—and hence a singularly poor choice to direct a film like "Tempest." He spends his efforts on rich, subtle color and handsome composition, delighting in the satins and brocades of court costumes, the heavy wools and furs of the Cossacks, the polished stone floors of the Czarina's palace. But when young Geoffrey Horne, a handsome young officer, is exiled to a remote garrison and falls in love with Silvana Mangano, the daughter of the fort's commander, it is all too clear that Lattuada could not care less. When Horne clings to his loyalty to the Czarina who exiled him despite all the blandishments of Pugachov (Van Heflin) to come over to his side, the director's own disbelief only adds to the improbability of the situation. And the battles—which are, after all, the payoff on a picture of this kind—appear truncated because Lattuada is altogether too civilized to enjoy their blood and violence. But the director is not the only one to have been miscast. The actors, with accents ranging from Midwestern to middle-European, are stiff and uncertain. This is, I'm afraid, a "Tempest" in a porcelain samovar.

* * *

On the other hand, give a director a warhorse he can ride, and the battle is half-way won. **"Rio Bravo"** (Warners) is just about as standard Western fare as has ever turned up on a Hollywood menu—the sturdy sheriff, the wealthy rancher and his no-good brother, the lady gambler who is better than she seems, the gabby old man, and the Mexican comic relief. It has the regulation number of barroom brawls, the misunderstanding between girl and sheriff, the walk down the empty main street with guns at the ready. But when brewed by Howard Hawks, who made "Red River" and "The Big Sky," suddenly everything begins to work. There is excitement, tension, the pleasure of looking at Western landscapes, and the age-old gratification when the good guys beat the bad. The good guys, in this instance, are John Wayne and Dean Martin; and while Wayne swaggers through his role with a contentment bred of familiarity, Martin succeeds in making something quite fresh and fascinating out of his portrait of a gunslinger determined to redeem himself after a two-year bender.

* * *

From H. E. Bates's "The Darling Buds of May" has been fashioned one of those farce comedies in which nothing is really very funny, but because everybody shouts his lines at the top of his lungs you realize that you are supposed to be amused. The principal shouter is Paul Douglas, seconded by Una Merkel, Debbie Reynolds, and a host of simple, fun-loving Larkins. The story, now called **"The Mating Game"** (M-G-M), is a bucolic fantasy in which a peaceable gink is almost badgered off his property by a grasping neighbor and the Department of Internal Revenue (haplessly represented by Tony Randall). If "Tempest" suffered from too much taste, "The Mating Game" is crushed by a complete lack of it.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A View from the Seesaw

ALL those who believe that participating in the production of a Broadway hit is a rewarding experience may take one giant step to the nearest bookstore and buy **"The Seesaw Log"** by William Gibson (Knopf, $3.95). Here, at last, a playwright has had the courage and bad manners to chronicle his seventy days of rehearsal and pre-Broadway tryout agony. His log, though necessarily edited, makes no deliberate attempt to be entertaining. It is admirably free of the sort of dramatization one finds in most pre-opening newspaper pieces, or of the color that Lillian Ross put into her brilliant profile of the making of "The Red Badge of Courage." Not that such articles should avoid being as readable as possible, but to one who has been through such an experience, they never seem to be quite the way it really was.

Lest the reader suspect that "The Seesaw Log" describes a particularly grim case, let it be pointed out immediately that Mr. Gibson had a much happier situation than do most playwrights. He was in rapport with his director, Arthur Penn, who had directed scripts of his on television. He found a sensible producer, Fred Coe, within two months of sending out his script. And because he was able to sign Henry Fonda to star in the play, backers' auditions were unnecessary and the ideal theatre for his play was obtained. Yet despite these unusually favorable circumstances, the playwright found his seventy days as enervating and ungratifying as they are in almost every Broadway show.

The first blow comes early in the rehearsal period as the playwright senses that a choice is emerging between making the leading man's role more sympathetic by painting him as morally good, or leaving him involuted, weak, and possibly unattractive to audiences but with a compensating real life of his own. Little by little the rewriting demands begin, and as the out-of-town opening approaches, the reasons for this patching in a new line here and a new line there become more picayune. As Mr. Gibson says, "I was coming to detest this need for instant clarity—to my mind we invariably substituted one explicit meaning for three implicit ones."

By the time of the Washington opening, Mr. Gibson reports, "I was no longer in my inner world of writing, where the logic was that of a lifetime, but in the outer world of show business where the logic was only that of this production, evolved to meet the emergencies of our situation; Fred Coe said I was 'buying things too easily,' but if I couldn't have my logic, it was a matter of relative indifference to me which of the other logics we followed."

Then the playwright, whose biggest trouble was revising what he admits is an underwritten character into something that was both comfortable for Mr. Fonda and right for his play, came to a decision. He says, "Hitherto, we had been splitting the difference in a fifty-fifty compromise on each point, regardless of its merits, but henceforth, when Hank was right I would yield one hundred per cent on rewriting and when he was wrong I would demand one hundred per cent on acting."

While this decision may have made Mr. Gibson feel better, the relief in the book seems only momentary. He is soon back at the relentless and endless rewriting requested of him by his producer and his director, in order that the play become more and more effective. The process is exhausting both for us reading about it, and for him. As he explains, "In my own work, poem, novel, play, I began with an internal dilemma and unlocked it in the dreaming and wording, an act which liberated my energies, and thus day after day replenished and refreshed me; but this brand of rewriting was external, at best unrelated to and at worst a diminution of the conceptual origins of the play, and though done to solve undeniable problems, had sucked my bones dry."

The fact that all of this leads to a "success," which will make it unnecessary for Mr. Gibson during the remainder of his lifetime to do any piece of work he does not want to do, does not change his point of view about the process. And while most of the principals in his log emerge as unglamorous and ignoble, he includes himself as a fellow-weakling in the Broadway-producing situation.

It is the same situation that has caused Tennessee Williams to turn to off-Broadway. "After 'Sweet Bird of Youth,' " he said recently, "I intend to do all my plays, off-Broadway. I don't ever want to have to write another Broadway Blockbuster."

Is this the answer? For the author, an off-Broadway production means a great personal financial sacrifice and a lessening of production quality. Wouldn't it make more sense to improve the Broadway situation? If we examine "The Seesaw Log" we can easily see what needs to be done. First of all we must abandon the idea that everyone should revise his thinking in order to obtain a star actor or a star director for a play. It is true that a star gives a play tremendous economic advantages, but since there are almost as many hits without stars as there are with stars, it only requires that the author have the toughness not to jump at the opportunity of accepting a star when the suggestion is made.

Then there is the question of the audience. Certainly we must make our plays reasonably communicative and dramatic to a wide range of people. But our producers and directors should be able to ascertain that fact before going into rehearsal, and trust the playwright to volunteer changes in the script as he feels they are needed to bring the performed play closer to his original vision.

Now it is very possible that if these things had been done with "Two for the Seesaw" the play might have been a failure, with no one wanting to publish it let alone a 138-page preface on the inner workings of its production. And the show-biz answer, "You made a half million bucks. What are you complaining about?" has a hard-boiled irrefutability. Yet I don't believe Mr. Gibson *has* complained. He has stated what happened, and what would probably happen if he were to do it all over again. And his statement stands as a penetrating document of our contemporary theatre.

"God and Kate Murphy" is basically a melodramatic portrait of the latter. Perhaps Kieran Tunney and John Synge (a great-nephew of the playwright who wrote "Playboy of the Western World") have drawn this black-hearted Irish mother to show how a narrow Irish Catholic love for the church can lead to more villainy and wasted lives than a healthy agnosticism. Their thesis would be more moving and credible if they had made Kate a sympathetic victim rather than a hateful villainess. Fay Compton is hard as nails in the role and the evening would be completely unbearable if it were not for the colorful Irish humor of Maureen Delaney, who, incidentally, played Kate Murphy in the 1951 London production. Lois Nettleton, Larry Hagman, and Mike Kellin bring freshness and conviction to supporting roles filled with melodramatic clichés. —HENRY HEWES.

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The Hatchet Men

TELEVISION desperately needs criticism. Whether it needs the kind of criticism it gets is something else again. The great majority of the bashes aimed at it are superficial, aimless, uninformed, distinguished by fury rather than fact. Practically all television criticism suffers from the disease the critics tag as the medium's besetting sin—lack of quality.

It is of little profit to the producer of "Little Women" to have Mrs. Douglas Cook of Toledo, Ohio, wire "Please quit lousing up our classics with songs and music" and ten minutes later to have Joseph R. Civlik of Pittston, Pennsylvania, weigh in with "Congratulations on your fine musical program. Dancing is divine." The pros are no improvement.

Writing in *Collier's* in May, 1955, John Crosby, while remarking sagely on some aspects of the television scene, also called the one-hour dramatic show "the most durable type of television." He said that "the half-hour situation show will suffer slow extinction," and "the big star of future television will be a straight actor or actress." If you will consult your local station at any time you'll see how wrong that was. And *Fortune* magazine in its August 1951 issue, observing the 13,000,000 homes then owning TV sets, trumpeted happily that "ownership figures reveal an important percentage of the major TV markets are already close to saturation."

There are now 45,000,000 homes with sets.

The critics, professional and otherwise, responsible for this avalanche of confusion, inaccuracy, hyperbole, and sheer nonsense do little to help producers improve programming or to inform viewers how to support and nourish the few producers eager to achieve that end. Television is the largest and fastest medium of communication man has yet invented. The stewards of its creative potential for entertainment, information, and education are entitled to mature, responsible informed judgment of their past attempts and their future plans. The public deserves critical writing about television that sheds light and has balance based on adequate knowledge of the problems and capacities of the men engaged in trying to move the medium's imaginative frontiers outwards.

The kind of criticism television needs is Jack Gould's accounting of television's woes in 1952. It needs the thoughtfulness contained in his Sunday piece of June 22, 1958, profiling the perplexing pattern of advertising thinking which researches and blazes trails with all its products except the television shows it buys to sell those products. It needs John Crosby's sardonic, invective pinpointing and turning the knife in TV's pretense and pomposity, its addiction to quick and easy rather than slow, hard and good. It needs the hard-headed realism of *Variety's* articulate George Rosen. It needs John Lardner complaining "Playhouse 90" has no point of view. No matter whether he is right or wrong. He made us re-examine the point of view we do have, worry why it didn't get through to him. It needs Marya Mannes brilliantly belting daytime programming's honky-tonk of games and give-aways.

A SCATTERING of their prescient colleagues across the country are equally entitled to their varsity letter. I have disagreed violently with the pronouncements of all of them. I shall again. The point is irrelevant. What matters is that they reflected on what they saw seriously, considered its merit or lack of it and thoughtfully set down the result of those ratiocinations. The quality of their criticism quite apart from its precision or justifiability is apparent. Their words give pause to that small band of television producers who constitute what William Saltonstall, principal of Phillips Exeter, described in a recent speech as "the aristocracy of those who care." While a preview of the Fund for The Republic's forthcoming report on the relationship between television critics and the television industry would tend to the conclusion the report is guilty of a great many of the critical inadequacies it condemns, there is one count on which its conclusions seem inevitable. Until publishers and editors extend the ranks of those able to intellectualize as well as to emotionalize or just plain gossip about the medium, its critical fraternity will be held in low repute by those they criticize, ignored by the public whose attention they need as surely as the broadcaster does.

—HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.,
Executive Vice President,
CBS Television.

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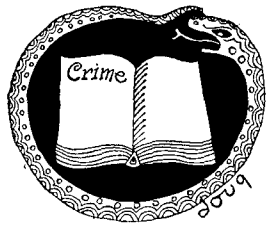
The Crime of Passionate Penalty



"Star Wormwood," by Curtis Bok *(Knopf. 228 pp. $3.95), describes an imaginary, but typical murder in order to dramatize society's attitude about punishment. Eleazar Lipsky, former assistant district attorney in New York City, is the author of "The Scientists."*

By Eleazar Lipsky

EARLY in 1957, Justice Curtis Bok delivered a series of lectures at the University of Virginia Law School, from which he had graduated in 1921. Those lectures dealt with aspects of the criminal law, and their burden was the concept of punishment as a mode of dealing with criminal offenders—of which capital punishment is the most dramatic form.

Deeply moved by this theme, Justice Bok later developed a realistic, yet imaginary case of murder committed by a psychopathic youth who kills a girl in a school cellar under conditions of great provocation. As conceived by the author, the crime is not murder, perhaps not even manslaughter, nor even anything beyond accident, but through inflammatory circumstances disclosed in the discussion, the youth is executed for the crime.

What makes the crime painful, and initially horrifying, is the fact that the youth, starved, and lightheaded, and nonresponsible, is forced to dispose of the corpse. In thrusting the body into the school furnace, he burns his hand, and then, in the reflex of sucking his fingers, the smell and taste automatically impel him to swallow some mouthfuls of flesh, which he immediately vomits. This act inflames the community and ensures his execution.

At first blush, nothing seems more revolting, and the prosecutor, grasping at political advantage, charges the defendant with cannibalism—a nonexistent crime in the jurisdiction. It is a measure calculated to win a courtroom victory over a boy too dazed, too helpless to understand. And yet a moment of reflection would convince one that pity and compassion should have prevailed. All this—the crime and comment adapted from previous lectures—make this book a persuasive document.

Justice Bok, who is the son of Edward Bok, has been deeply concerned throughout a long judicial career with problems of justice. During the past two decades, his humane approach to these problems, his frequent intervention on behalf of the victims of criminal law, have aroused the hostility of the press. In the recent election contest for the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a rancorous newspaper campaign sought to defeat his candidacy, but, fortunately, the attempt failed and a distinguished career was preserved for the benefit of the entire Commonwealth.

One is reminded of Cardozo. Justice Bok's imaginary crime is so well and solidly established that we are almost persuaded of its actuality. He writes beautifully and poetically and always with deep feeling. His comments on our barbaric trial customs are designed to protest a penal system based on vengeance. After a lifetime of judicial experience, he is unable to say which is more revolting—a sick, pathetic youth who acts with the reflexes of a starving animal, or the deliberate extinction of his life in this fictional, but not untypical case.

Of a prior work, Jerome Frank once wrote that its readers would see life from the angle of a profoundly wise judge who is also a sensitive soul and a gifted artist. The present book bears out that prior judgment.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHO SAID IT?

Here is a cluster of pithy observations on the human race. Harold Helfer of Washington, D.C., appends three names to each observation, and one of those names identifies the author. Answers on page 63.

1. "The man who dies rich dies disgraced."
   Karl Marx Andrew Carnegie Eleanor Roosevelt
2. "Popularity is glory's small change."
   Winston Churchill Victor Hugo George Washington
3. "The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is."
   George Bernard Shaw Gertrude Stein Billy Graham
4. "We depend largely on tricks, we writers of songs. . . . There is no such thing as a new melody."
   Peter Tschaikowsky Oscar Hammerstein Irving Berlin
5. "The whole conviction of my life rests upon the belief that loneliness is the central and inevitable fact of human existence."
   Thomas Wolfe Anne Frank Nathan Leopold
6. "Labor disgraces no man—unfortunately some men disgrace labor."
   Ulysses S. Grant Walter Reuther John D. Rockefeller
7. "We are all of us failures—at least, the best of us are."
   Daniel Webster Marcus Aurelius James M. Barrie
8. "Never let schooling interfere with your education."
   Grover Cleveland Mark Twain Albert Einstein
9. "I never wanted to see anybody die, but there are a few obituary notices I have read with pleasure."
   Woodrow Wilson John Barrymore Clarence Darrow
10. "It takes a clever man to turn cynic—and a wise man to be clever enough not to."
    Fannie Hurst W. M. Thackeray Herman Melville
11. "At a dinner party one should eat wisely but not too well, and talk well but not too wisely."
    Charles Lamb Perle Mesta Somerset Maugham
12. "Freedom is not worth having if it does not connote freedom to err."
    Disraeli Goethe Gandhi
13. "Paris is a city where great ideas perish, done to death by witticism."
    Napoleon Balzac Flaubert

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SCRIBNERS

From Sunny Sicily a Dark Society

***"The Brotherhood of Evil: The Mafia," by Frederic Sondern, Jr.** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 243 pp. $3.95), exposes the machinations of a powerful underworld fraternity. As a New York reporter specializing on crime, Fred J. Cook has had ample opportunity to study its coils.*

By Fred J. Cook

THE American story that many Americans find hard to believe is the grim one of the multimillion-dollar underworld and its pervasive influence. Accustomed to the generally smiling face of life, we are often incredulous of tales of gangland's infinite power—a power that was once summed up for me by one of the best modern New York detectives in this pithy sentence: "The underworld runs the world, only the public doesn't know it."

Such a sweeping statement may be an oversimplification, but there can be no doubt that it contains more than a germ of truth; in many of our cities, sometimes in entire states, the underworld has indeed dominated the machinery of government and of justice. For skeptics who persist in disbelief, "Brotherhood of Evil: the Mafia," by Frederic Sondern, Jr., should prove an effective and shocking eye-opener.

This is a richly detailed book, authoritative and fascinating. It does three things supremely well. It gives the clearest, most comprehensive account that I have seen of the much-publicized Apalachin gangland conference, delving into the racket ties and Mafia status of even some of the lesser-known delegates. It traces the growth of the Mafia, the secret terroristic society transplanted here from Sicily, to a dominant position in the American underworld. And it develops for the first time the full and graphic story of the success of Federal narcotics agents in infiltrating the Mafia's narcotics smuggling rings in Europe.

This penetration of the loyalty screen of the underworld represents the epitome of detective work. Even veteran prosecuting officials, until recently, were of the opinion that it simply couldn't be done. "Suppose you try to pass yourself off as a guy who was brought here from Sicily by his parents when he was a child," one of them said not long ago. "They will want to know what town your parents came from, who lived next door and who was across the street. And you better have the right answers because they'll check back on them."

It is not news that agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics have been circulating for years in Europe, but it wasn't until the McClellan committee hearings last summer that the bureau revealed they had actually succeeded in worming their way into the higher echelons of the Mafia's narcotics rings. In "Brotherhood of Evil," Sondern, a roving editor for the *Reader's Digest* since 1942 and an expert on the European scene, describes how the narcotics agents accomplished this almost impossible feat not once but many times—in Italy, in France, and in the Middle East.

This is the highlight of the book. It has, unfortunately, a couple of flaws. The first is simply a question of emphasis and is not serious. Sondern gives a cogent account of the awesome power wielded by the first Mafia emperors of the American underworld, Al Capone and Charles (Lucky) Luciano. But he gives far less attention to their equally powerful successor, Frank Costello. Costello was more suave than either of the other two, and so he was, if anything, even more dangerous. Certainly, he was so powerful that, for a period, he virtually held New York City in the palm of his hand, and even candidates for mayor were happy to confer with him before they ran.

The second and more serious weakness of Sondern's book lies in his treatment of one of the never-dying mysteries and enduring controversies of American politics—the inexplicable release of Lucky Luciano from a New York State prison, an action that freed him to mastermind the world narcotics traffic that has done so much in recent years to ruin the lives of many of our teen-agers.

Luciano, it will be remembered, had been convicted by Thomas E. Dewey in his rackets-busting days on a charge of being the vice overlord of New York. He was sent to prison for thirty to fifty years. It should have been a virtual life sentence, but it wasn't because Dewey as Governor released Luciano in 1946 after he had spent only nine and one-half years behind bars. In explanation, there was an attempt at the time to portray Lu-

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—U.P.I.

Frank Costello shown smiling above at 1951 Kefauver Committee hearings, scowling below after receiving contempt-of-court sentence during Vincente Gigante trial.

ciano as a wartime patriot who gave the Government information that helped in the invasion of Sicily.

Every Government agency and official in a position to know ultimately declared, one by one, that Luciano had done no such thing. Sondern acknowledges that the story was ridiculous, then switches blithely to a new explanation. This is that Luciano helped to enlist Italian longshoremen and fishermen in the war against sabotage and espionage along the East Coast. The trouble with this latest apology is that the apologists at the time the deed was done hadn't thought of it, and it is rather obvious that truth cannot be such a chameleon. Furthermore, some of the very heroes whom Sondern quotes in this book could have given him, as they have given me, a far different and by no means so casual an explanation.

The glossing over of the issue of Luciano's liberation, one that still cries for a full and true solution, is an unfortunate weakness in a book that is engrossing in its narrative and highly informative in its depiction of the very real power still exercised by the Mafia. This dread society has existed for generations so quietly, has conducted its affairs with such studied self-effacement, that even criminal experts have been tempted at times to regard it as a myth out of the past. This book should dispel that happy self-delusion, and if it does that, it will have performed a notable public service.

Taboo Verdicts

***"The Compulsion to Confess," by Theodor Reik** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 493 pp. $7.50), raises the question whether the Mosaic law is not still operative when it comes to retribution for criminal offense. This third volume of the psychoanalyst's selected works is reviewed by Gilbert M. Campbell, M.D., practising psychiatrist and associate with the Bureau of Child Guidance in New York.*

By Gilbert M. Campbell

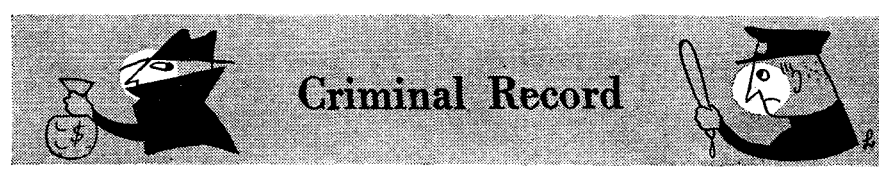
THEODOR REIK'S most recent book, "The Compulsion to Confess," deals with the psychoanalysis of crime and punishment. His thesis is that the "criminal" is driven to a confession of his guilt either consciously or unconsciously. This volume is the third of a series of his selected works. It consists of books and papers originally written and published in German from 1926 through 1928. The material is essentially an extension of Freudian psychoanalytic theory and principles and their application to crime and punishment.

In "The Unknown Murderer," the first and perhaps most interesting part of the book, Dr. Reik applies the psychoanalytic principles of unconscious emotional drives to the criminal and to the investigation of the crime. He is concerned with "the criminal investigation, its motives, its nature and its aims." He deals, in particular, with the emotional factors that play a part in the activities of the detective and the court. His thesis is that current processes of law have developed little from the primitive concept of taboo and the manner in which justice was meted out for the breaking of taboo. The law of talion is still operative.

Dr. Reik writes that to primitive man all death was the result of magical murder. The victim himself supplied the clues which pointed to the murderer. In the current investigation of crime the emphasis has shifted from the magical to the mechanistic, but primitive, deep-seated emotional factors still operate on an unconscious level. The clues are no longer left by the victim but by the murderer. Because he recognizes consciously or unconsciously that he has violated taboo, as expiation he has an unconscious need to be caught and punished. The author cites many examples from primitive cultures to support his thesis. It makes interesting reading. Its validity, however, will have to be judged by specialists in the field of anthropology.

One suspects that Reik has fallen into the same trap as did Freud in the use of myth and anthropological data in a literary manner to support psychoanalytic theory. The most interesting ideas to this reader are those relating to the unconscious forces within the criminal which compel him to reveal himself. These ideas contain a certain banality to the reader of today but thirty years ago when first promulgated they were both exciting and provocative.

The second part, from which the book takes its title, consists of a series



THE FACE OF THE TIGER. *By Ursula Curtiss.* Dodd, Mead. $2.95. Typist who figured innocently in Long Island kidnap fatality is on spot following murder at quasi-swank Connecticut shore club: fresh crime follows; nice Lieut. Carey is alert. Fine nerve-tingler, with good humorous touches and adroit characterization.

WEEK-END IN BAGHDAD. *By Ruth Wadham. Macmillan.* $3.25. British diplomat's murder is temporarily hidden by fake funeral; native student is tagged for crime, but Peter Shaw, youthful teacher, turns amateur eye to good purpose. (Friday is servants' day off in Iraq.) Engaging performance, with well-pictured setting.

SEVEN SHARES IN A GOLD MINE. *By Margaret Larkin. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. Author was passenger on Mexican commercial plane which miraculously made port after explosion aboard (insurance plot); trial presented at length, also visits to jail (comparisons with U. S. practice fascinating). Extraordinary and absorbing true-tale.

WHICH MRS. BENNETT? *By Anne Littlefield. Crime Club.* $2.95. Mother, two daughters-in-law, plus one ex (all named Mrs. B.) figure in Martha's Vineyard beach slaying; two other dead emerge; cops and Harvard lad active in solution; Hollywood producer among those present. Program performance. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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of lectures given at the Teaching Institute of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Association about 1925. Because these lectures were directed at specialists in psychoanalysis, there is a great deal in them that is highly technical. The essence is that the individual and society have deep-seated feelings of guilt. There is a drive to relieve this burden of guilt by confession. Although many ideas in this section have been incorporated into contemporary thinking, there is still much here that is worthy of reconsideration.

Part three, "The Shock of Thought," is again essentially technical in nature. It is a reworking of the libido theory, the Oedipus complex and man's constant struggle between his instinctual drives and the prohibitions of society. There is little here that is new.

While portions of "The Compulsion to Confess" are a tedious gnawing at and reworking of the theories of Freud, parts of it retain their freshness.

Dr. Reik's important contribution is still in the development of psychoanalytic technique—the semi-intuitive role of the therapist in psychoanalysis as he writes about it in his book "Listening with the Third Ear."

Fiction

Continued from page 25

was to call a buttinski or trailing arbutus, having much of the adhesive quality of Doctor Johnson's Boswell. He seeped into the homes of the eminent like oil. They would think they were alone and they would look around and there was Francis. He maddened Wordsworth to the point of homicide, and was actually the "person from Porlock" who distracted Coleridge's mind from his "Kubla Khan."

We would like another one on these lines, Mr. Linklater.

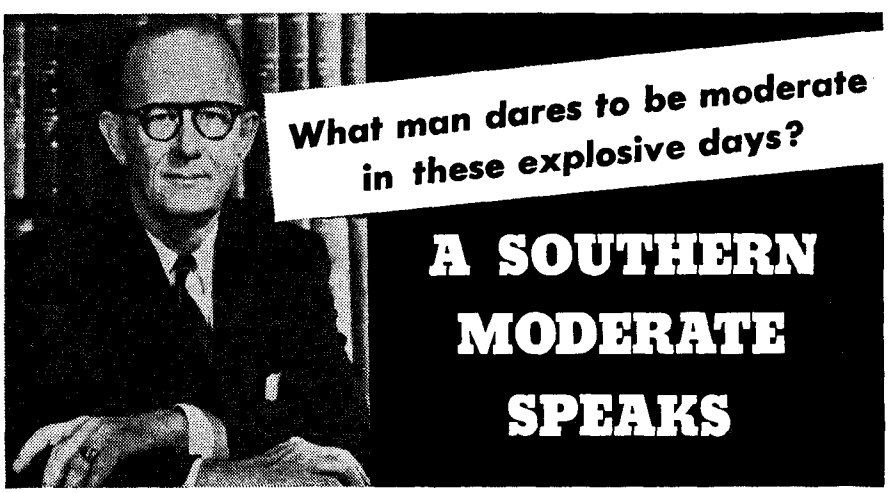
CORAL ISLAND CAMEO: The lady of Jon Godden's title, **Mrs. Panopoulis"** (Knopf, $3.50), is a rich, imperious, but also charming old Englishwoman, once beautiful and with a romantic past, who acquired her Greek name from her second husband. We meet her as she awakens in the cabin of a ship that has just entered a harbor of Portuguese East Africa, and dropped anchor beside a coral island that lies a few miles from the mainland. Accompanied by her great-niece, Flora Denbigh; a middle-aged traveling companion, Humphrey Arbuthnot, and a young Englishman named Martin Wade, she goes ashore to see such sights as the island affords. On landing, their party is joined by a small black boy with a basket of shells for sale, who is at once corrupted and sealed to Mrs. Panopoulis's side when she carelessly gives him a shilling for a shell that he had thought would retail for no more than a cigarette.

Flora, a pretty and shy virgin of twenty-seven, is hopelessly in love with Martin, whom she has met on shipboard, but he has been unable to decide that he is really in love with her, and is intent on his imminent reunion with his old friend and Rhodesian tobacco-farming partner, Vincent Craddock, who is waiting for him on the island. Arbuthnot is intent only on seeing what his guidebook says he should see. Mrs. P., whose seventy-nine-year-old heart is an unreliable organ, is intent on living as fully as possible in the time that is left to her. And the black boy, having grasped one shilling, lusts after more. The story moves towards an end that the reader has long foreseen, but when it comes it is in a way that is both unexpected and shocking.

Miss Godden practises with consummate skill the art of minutely descriptive prose, evocative of scenes, things, and people. Indeed, she practises it so assiduously that if the descriptive passages were pared to the bone her fascinating novel would shrink to the length of a short story. But the story would be a far poorer thing than the novel, for these passages are functional; they are essential to her artistic purpose, in that they govern the pace of the narrative and create the ambient atmosphere of the action. Too often undeserving novelists are called artists. Jon Godden is one. —Ben Ray Redman.

STORMY TRANSITION: Janice Holt Giles's **"The Land Beyond the Mountains"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) is a warm and human historical novel fashioned with care and taste from the materials of Kentucky's past.

The book undertakes to illuminate Kentucky's stormy transition from an Indian-troubled frontier district to full statehood within the Union; in addition it gives an interesting picture of the enigmatic General James Wilkinson, Revolutionary hero, international plotter, and would-be "Washington of the West." As a means to these ends, the author has created Major Cassius Cartwright. Through the story of Cartwright's settlement on the Green River, his disastrous



- as the courageous mediator who was at the center of the Little Rock school crisis...
- as a Congressman whose "moderate stand" on school integration cost him the Congressional seat he held for 16 years...
- as the party leader who played a key role in keeping the Northern and Southern Democrats together in two national conventions...
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marriage to a Quaker widow, his limited partnership with Wilkinson, his love for the Philadelphia waif, Tattie, and his untiring efforts to achieve statehood for Kentucky within the Union, the author has attained her objectives. This device weakens somewhat in the last third of the book when the demands of the two major themes leave Cartwright's personal affairs in a state of semisuspended animation, but Miss Giles has handled this problem well.

Characterization is excellent, and the background and flavor of the times are given with an intriguing mixture of feminine sensitivity and male saltiness. "The Land Beyond the Mountains" is an entertaining book, as well as an historically valid statement of the author's faith in the essential decency and worth of man.

—JOHN CLAGETT.

CONFUSED BOY MEETS CONFUSED GIRL: Charles Bracelen Flood's new novel is the most difficult kind of work to deal with justly—an artistic failure which unmistakably reveals its author's talent. In all the obvious ways **"Tell Me, Stranger"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is one long cliché. Here we have the confused, dissatisfied young man who throws up his job and sets forth to "find himself." Inevitably he meets the confused, dissatisfied young lady, who was betrayed at an early age by a man and has built a wall of hardness and cynicism around her emotions. But the hero "reawakens" her with his sincere, selfless devotion, and in doing so he discovers the true purpose of his own life. All of this takes place during a trip around the world, and so there are plenty of opportunities for scenes of passion against exotic backgrounds. As a bonus, the boy is Catholic and the girl is divorced, which permits the author to indulge himself in the Conflict Between Love and Religion.

Yet this outline is unfair to Mr. Flood's book. In spite of all the triteness, we are conscious on almost every page of something else—of the author's individual manner, the appealing quality of his mind. This is not so much a matter of language—for Mr. Flood's is simple and unliterary—as of feeling and attitude. It shows itself in his wry and penetrating comments on foreign places, in his shrewd observations of social types, especially in his witty handling of the subplot, which deals with the financial machinations of the hero's stockbroker uncle. Next time around Mr. Flood will undoubtedly use his considerable talents on a situation and a set of characters that deserve them.

—JAMES YAFFE.

What people are saying about To Appomattox:

"Compelling"— RICHARD N. CURRENT, *N. Y. Times*

"Engrossing"— JOSEPH B. MITCHELL, *Saturday Review*

"Scintillating"— RICHARD B. HARWELL, *Chicago Tribune*

"Thrilling"— ISHBEL ROSS

"Lets us see the last tragic days of the Confederacy in a way that touches the human heart most keenly."
— JOHN J. PULLEN

"Grows in vividness and impact as . . . we see the whole wild, tragic dream through the eyes of people who were there and were lucky enough to live through it."
— W. A. SWANBERG, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"This is the kind of book which might have been written had a battalion of highly-trained war correspondents covered in detail every phase of the closing days in the Civil War." — JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

To Appomattox

Nine April Days, 1865

By BURKE DAVIS

Illustrated. $6.00

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USA

Continued from page 21

book. Turn at random to any page dealing with his own person, and the accent it strikes is nerve-bruising. In one place it is the accent of a malignant suspicion of everyone and trust of no one. In a second place it is a refusal to see that the Washington sins he lays at the doors of other men climb through the window and sit at the council table of his own performance. In a third place it is the accent of an overweening intellectual pride: the pride which says, "I, because of my many academic degrees, know, and you don't." In a fourth place it is the accent of an overbearing spiritual tyranny: the tyranny of the self-made martyr, terribly conscious of his virtue, proclaiming: "I, in my purity and lion-heartedness, suffer for all."

One can only guess that the senior editors in the Knopf publishing house, when they came upon these accents, tried to tone them down in order to heighten the personal appeal of the author-actor who produced this book. If so, it is all to the good that the senior editors failed in the attempt. For the net result is to give the reader an honest self-portrait that corresponds to the reality of what the author was like in Washington.

THE FUTURE: A. Wilbert Zelomek is an economist and a consultant to business organizations; he thus has much more than a passing interest in the changing habits of the American consumer. As visiting professor at the University of Virginia Graduate School of Business Administration, he was asked to pinpoint significant American economic developments in a series of lectures; and he has now expanded these lectures into book form. The author notes in **"A Changing America: At Work and Play"** (Wiley, $3.95) that some changes, such as automation, bode well for the future. And the growing demand for new comforts and services of all kinds has, in effect, created a new industry on which Americans spent almost sixteen billion dollars in 1957 alone. Yet Mr. Zelomek does not limit himself to pleasant observations, but also looks at such problems as the decay of cities and the neglect of social needs; and he asserts that culture and the arts must be preserved and advanced by whatever public subsidy necessary. He is appalled that a major advertising agency should say that the challenge of today is to make the consumer raise his level of demand, and asks, "Are all of America's service needs so well supplied?" Appropriately, Mr. Zelomek's final thought to the reader is: "It is good to be able to boast of our standard of living; we should also be able to boast of our standard of values." —HENRY CHRISTMAN.

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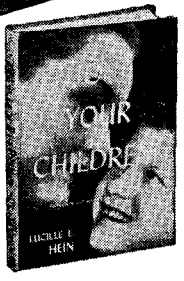

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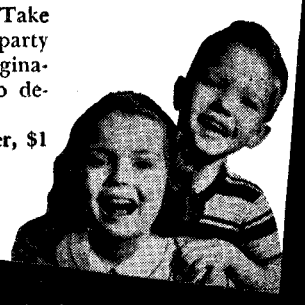

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Ideas

Continued from page 27

the inhibitions of society even as he practises his art in isolation. His response may be to lapse into unintelligible form, to babble in a language that talks of the future, or to retreat into the materialist's willingness to compromise. Hauser offers no panacea for this dilemma. He only suggests, somewhat inconsistently, that "no artist, be he ever so uncompromising, should ignore popular art."

In the book's most brilliant polemical chapters, Hauser battles for the honor and survival of the individual creator with Wölfflin's thesis, "History Without Names," which tends to denigrate the artist to an anomalous position of a craftsman who suddenly materializes at the demand of any social order. He refutes as abstract fallacies theories of Gestalt, Volksgeist, immanent causation, categorical imperatives, and the universal ideal of beauty so dear to the elite.

Except for the positive assertion that "everything in history is achieved by the individual" and that art is "one single grand original problem within which all artistic categories, past, present, and future can be comprehended," Hauser denies to any work, including his own illuminating "Philosophy of Art History," the merits of a unitary scheme.

Yet in challenging set precepts and opening new areas of investigation, Hauser makes a momentous contribution to contemporary thought. Perhaps it needed this to lead us out of the semantic Babelism of our time. It is not the type of book you can't put down. You have to; but in order to return to again and again.

VICTORIAN MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROADER: The subject of Norman St. John-Stevas's **"Walter Bagehot"** (Indiana University Press, $7.50) was quite an important man in his Victorian day. Editor of the *Economist* magazine, intimate associate of the great political and financial figures, and himself holding important positions in various organizations, he nevertheless devoted most of his time to voluminous writing on literary, political, philosophical, and economic subjects. Few were better informed or more widely read on public questions. If he is today not much more than a name that turns up frequently in studies of his period (1826-1877), that is perhaps in part because he was so much a merely sensible, moderately liberal, moderately conservative middle-of-the-roader, whose opinions were more often sound than, at this distance, novel or challenging.

The author of the present book devotes 117 solid pages to a succinct account of Bagehot's life and an analysis of his talents; the remaining 378 to a sort of anthology of articles and excerpts mostly on economic and political subjects but with some literary essays included. If Bagehot is still surprisingly readable though not deeply interesting it is largely because he had a vivid, lively, and sometimes witty way of stating both facts and opinions. Of a certain trusted political figure, for instance, he wrote that though his mind did not contain an epigram in the whole of it, "men seem to have trusted him much as they trust a faithful animal, entirely believing that he would not deceive them if he could, and that he could not if he would." Bagehot was not as brilliant as Macaulay but he had some of the same gifts.

—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

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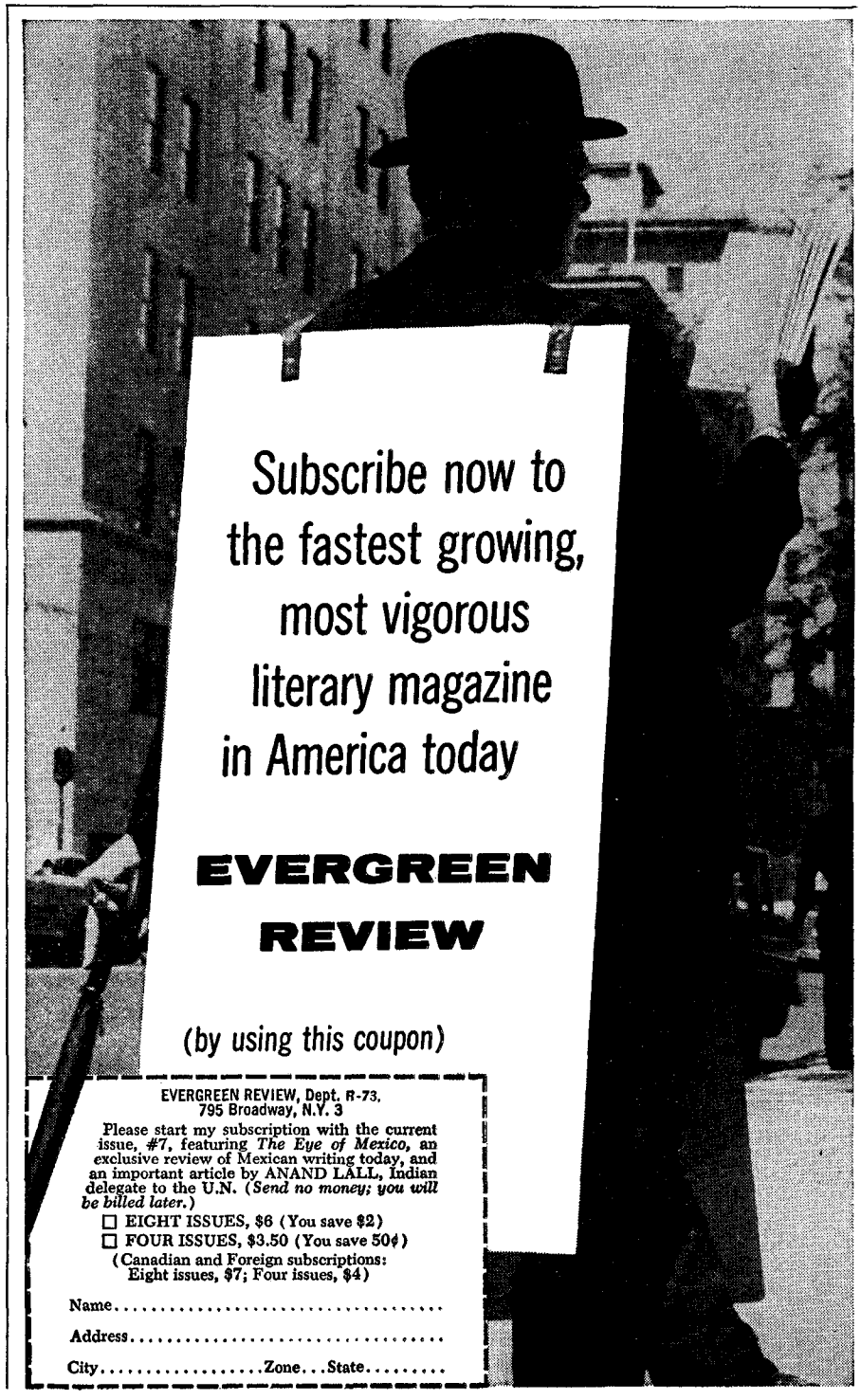
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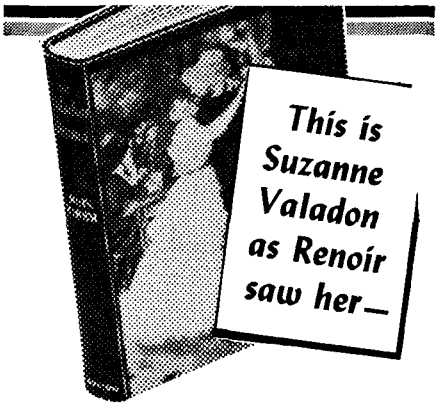

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Education's Need

Continued from page 17

stated purposes that bear no resemblance to actual practices, or vice versa, but is also inhibited, in its turn, by a sense of fatalism, the student's whole educational career becomes a sweepstakes in which he is not the rider but the horse.

There must be some way to escape this fate. If there is no use attempting to blueprint the ideal school or the ideal university, there is every reason why each of these can and should consult its own blueprints. Moreover, there is every reason—and possibility—for each to follow this self-identification by measuring both its stated purposes and its practices against the first principles of our American educational philosophy. Our educational philosophy is a corollary to our political philosophy. All citizens are to be educated for some useful trade or calling. All who have the desire and the capacity to assimilate its benefits are to receive a liberal education. Each shall progress through his respective studies as far and as fast as his native abilities can carry him, on the basis of equal opportunity, regardless of his economic or social position. By these means there shall be brought about a general diffusion of learning through society and democracy's need for leaders in every field of endeavor shall be served.

It is worth noting that from the beginning while this educational philosophy has embraced two broad fields of learning, the vocational and the liberal, it has also identified each and distinguished between them. It has taught us that although each differs from the other, both are essential; and conversely, that although both are essential, each differs from the other. It follows that each should be brought up to the highest standards obtaining for education of its type anywhere in the world.

To this end, I would add a fourth requisite to the three given by Mr. Conant for a good public high school. This is the requisite of a competent and devoted faculty trained for its appointed tasks in one or the other of both the vocational and the liberal branches of learning according to the highest standards of each and in keeping with the basic principles of American educational philosophy that I have cited. Such a faculty will be indispensable in producing the right community attitude toward the school because it will itself be part of the community. It will influence the community as fellow citizens, as part-

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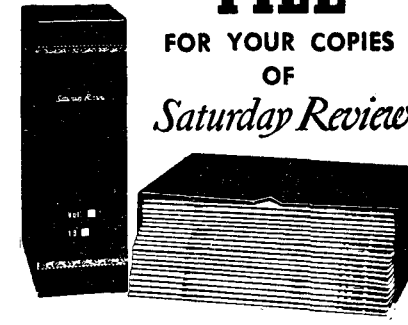

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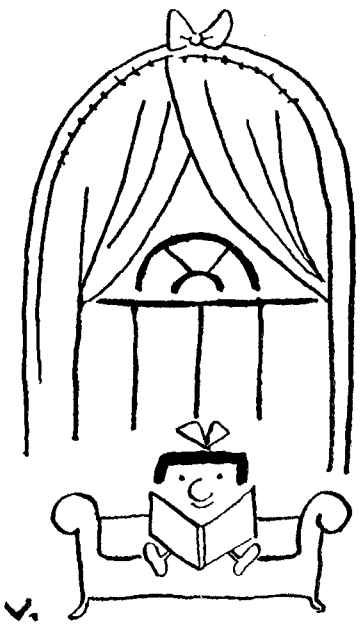
ners in the educational process, as participants in civic enterprise, and, most powerfully of all, by winning for the educational process the respect of the community's children.

But our educational philosophy has also taught, in both the lives and the writings of its authors, that the core, the vital center of the whole process is liberal education, the education embodied in the basic subjects of the academic curriculum that our surveys tell us is most in need of strengthening today. When Thomas Jefferson called education "the most legitimate engine of government" he stated a general truth which, however, modern dictatorships could (and did) pervert by suborning their educators. When he defined liberal education as the most vital part of that most legitimate engine he stated a particular truth no free society or democratic government can ignore. For, said Jefferson, "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be." If we test this proposition against the experience of our own lives and times we must conclude, I think, that, while ignorant nations may remain free if uncivilized, and civilized nations may be enslaved if kept ignorant, the surest safeguard against either fate is an education that contributes simultaneously to knowledge, freedom and civilization.

Such is the distinctive nature of liberal education. Not only does it concern itself more directly and vitally than any other type of education with the good life that is the end of all political society; it shows a like concern for the means whereby that society is to be governed and the good life achieved. In this way its fate is bound up with the fate of our political society. Along with the individual freedom we guarantee to our citizens goes the expectation that they will use that freedom to better themselves and thus better society. We look to their individual self-improvement as the only certain means of ensuring the security and welfare of the state. The purpose of liberal education is to expand to the limit the individual's capacity—and desire—for self-improvement, for seeking and finding meaning and enjoyment in everything he does. Thus does liberal education serve the purpose of a democratic community.



IT goes without saying that if both vocational and liberal education are essential to our society in general, both are essential to the various communities in which educational progress waits upon the revival of a sense of purpose in particular. As to which type of education is more likely to arouse that sense of purpose, however, the one that provides for the work-a-day jobs and skills of the community or the one that reveals to it a conception of the good life and the means of achieving it, I think the latter is. I think the main reason that the community's sense of purpose in education is stagnant today is because the ideal of the good life has faded from the educational process, leaving only miscellaneous prospects of jobs and a joyless hedonism occasionally punctuated by a spasm of anxiety about Russia to replace it. I hold, therefore, that for our schools, colleges, and universities to unite in a concerted effort to restore the integrity and the continuity of the liberal arts curriculum for which they are jointly responsible, would transmit to the diverse communities with which the fate of American education rests the impulse that would set the whole train of progress in motion.

The intrinsic value of the liberal arts curriculum does not rest upon cant or custom. It is not a revelation of Soviet science. It is something we know from our own experience. If now barriers obstruct us from releasing its powers for the use of our society, those barriers are of our own making and can and should be removed. If individual college and university policies do not reflect its value, those policies can and should be revised. If pedagogical procedures fail to do it justice, those procedures can and should be corrected. If state laws or organizational policies stand in its way those laws and policies can and should be amended. Nothing keeps us from this dispensation but our will, and of that we ourselves are the only masters.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1303

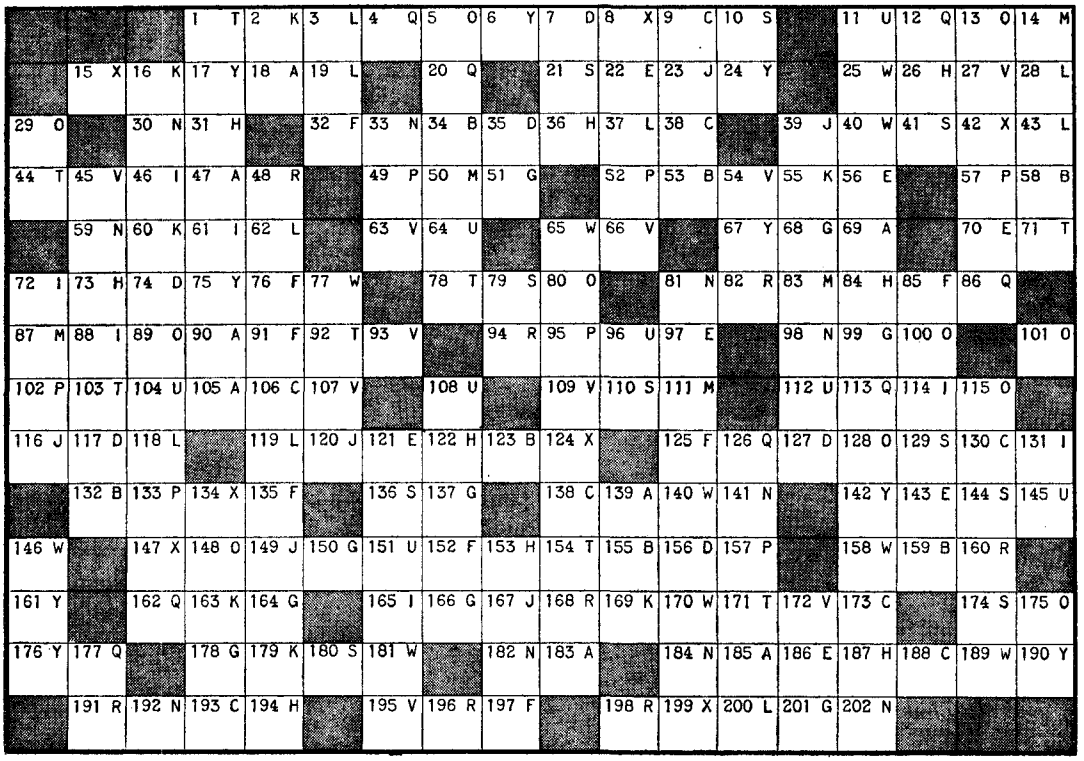
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any place, esp. in England, where political campaign speeches are made.	185 18 105 69 139 47 90 183
B. Name of most Spanish and Portuguese kings, from 12th cent.	155 123 58 34 159 132 53
C. Robin Hood's name in "Ivanhoe."	130 9 193 188 173 138 106 38
D. Followed by Word G, what was "long drawn out" by Shakespeare, acc'g to Milton in "L'Allegro."	35 127 117 156 7 74
E. A printing.	22 70 186 56 143 97 121
F. Tchaikowsky's "Beloved Friend" who sent him a living salary for years (given name).	76 85 91 152 32 135 197 125
G. See Word D.	201 99 51 164 150 68 166 137 178
H. Billie Dawn said that since she already owned two of these, what else could she possibly want ("Born Yesterday"; 2 wds.).	84 73 31 194 187 36 26 122 153
I. How to arrange ten or fifteen in equal groups (2 wds.).	88 114 165 46 72 61 131
J. Given name, Word X.	149 39 167 120 23 116
K. Characters in which certain prehistoric Japanese lapidary inscriptions are written.	163 60 16 179 55 169 2
L. Bipedal (comp.).	19 62 200 3 28 37 119 43 118
M. Marched laboriously.	50 83 87 111 14
N. Withdrawal of troops from a town, or of a population from a city.	202 59 182 184 192 81 98 30 33 141
O. A kind of straight cylindrical firework (2 wds.).	29 100 128 5 89 101 148 175 115 13 80
P. Rich.	57 52 133 102 157 95 49
Q. Ontario town halfway bet. Lakes Huron and Ontario, on Boyne and Nottawasaga Rivers (Columbia Encyc.).	20 4 86 113 177 162 12 126
R. A repeated, monotonous sound.	191 94 82 48 160 168 196 198
S. A recording speed counter.	21 136 180 79 174 144 10 129 41 110
T. Enthusiastic popular receptions.	171 1 103 78 71 92 154 44
U. Informal, usually hilarious gathering for discussion (slang).	96 108 151 112 64 145 104 11
V. Unwarrantable pretentiousness.	195 107 45 172 93 27 109 54 63 66
W. The strictest fast, now observed only in the Eastern churches.	40 189 146 140 25 181 65 77 170 158
X. Great Venezuelan woman musician: pianist, composer, singer (1853-1917).	134 15 42 147 124 8 199
Y. Persistently clinging to an opinion, course, etc., against persuasion or attack.	17 161 6 142 75 190 67 24 176

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Vocalists Rysanek and Dobbs—Pianistic S's

THERE were all kinds of Verdi singing in the performance of "Aïda," which introduced Leonie Rysanek to New York in the title role—loud, soft, well-controlled, undisciplined, powerful, fine-spun and thick-sounding. At one time or another, Miss Rysanek did a bit of all of these things herself, while leaving little doubt that she could be a memorable addition to the roster of historically fine Aïdas, given a more consistent view of the character and its music.

For an initial handicap, Miss Rysanek had to overcome a make-up that looked as though she had come to the stage by way of a beauty parlor and a mudpack (not removed). For another, she conceives the role not merely in a spirit of suppressed rebellion befitting a captive princess serving her enemy, but with a steady show of outward defiance. Rather than inviting sympathy from the onlooker, Miss Rysanek seemed to defy it until the Nile Scene, in which she turns 'umble under her father's scorn.

Have no doubt, however, of Miss Rysanek's ability to sing the music, and well. She is capable of justice to both extremes of force the role requires, floating a beautiful pianissimo in "O patria mia" and dominating the ensembles with brilliantly secure top tones. It is, entirely, a matter of adjustment *between*, to give the wonderfully varied writing of Verdi all the nuance that the voice commands. There is some suspicion that Miss Rysanek is striving hard to establish herself as a "dramatic personality": were she to moderate the physical effort a bit, act more "with the voice," she could be a more suitable Aïda than any we have had since Rethberg.

Some further aural confusion was provided by the Amneris of mezzo Nell Rankin which, perversely, has a brighter sound in its low range than Miss Rysanek has in hers, suggesting, from time to time, that the wrong throat was singing the note being heard. Miss Rankin's Amneris is more statuesque than regal and rather one-dimensional, dramatically, but she at least has a healthy sound which, if not steel to Miss Rysanek's flint, makes for sparks when they rub together.

For an ideal of how Verdi's music should sound, the evidence was immediately at hand in the powerful, full-formed Amonasro of Leonard Warren. It is, of course, not his best role (not while he is still singing Rigoletto), but he commands it like the skipper of a well-run ship. Indeed, he virtually magnetized obedience from Aïda in his irresistible singing of the woes visited upon his people by the Egyptians in "Pensa che un popolo vinto, straziato," one of Verdi's greatest phrases, in the Nile Scene. Carlo Bergonzi's springy tenor was in the best condition yet heard from him, as Radames, and Cesare Siepi put a firm foundation beneath the ensembles as Ramfis. Fausto Cleva gave the appropriate cues, without providing the kind of leadership that would make for even greater queus than the Metropolitan's "Aïda" now commands.

While Rudolf Bing has been looking the other way, the "production," to which so much attention was given not so many years ago, has deteriorated shamefully. The costumes of the principals are now a wild collection of idiosyncratic oddities, the hues of make-up as personal. Moreover, what is clearly described in the score as a "Dance of the Moorish Slaves" in Act II is now a solo for a single, muscular adult male, who would hardly be allowed on the premises while Amneris is being prepared for the processional that follows. Talk of a "program" for rehabilitating Metropolitan staging tends to be an expensive mockery when such absurdities are indulged.

MATTIWILDA DOBBS went to considerable lengths to make her recent appearance in Town Hall worth a music lover's attention by presenting a program of Bach and Handel with a chamber orchestra directed by Carl Bamberger. The choice of material was apt, the selection of solo talent—Melvin Kaplan, oboe, Samuel Baron, flute, Morris Newman, bassoon, and Isidor Cohen as leader and violin soloist—a reminder that artistry is not conditioned by who stands up or sits down while performing. An excellent double bassist deserved more than anonymity.

When Miss Dobbs was providing a rare opportunity to hear the beautiful "Schafe können sicher weiden" (from Bach's "Birthday" Cantata) one could believe that "Sheep may safely graze" in the tranquility and repose of the mood she evoked. However, the more demanding "Wedding Cantata" showed no notable intensification of Miss Dobbs's art, or a penetration much below the surface of what she sang. She has more variety of vocal sound than she utilizes which means, simply, that what would be very creditable for another singer is just not good enough for this one. Bamberger began the evening with the overture to Handel's "Agrippina" and a sinfonia from "Solomon"—both rather sizable matters for the smallish ensemble available. The evening ending Handel cantata was "Silete, venti."

New German pianists have been in rather short supply since the war, wherefore the more than common interest in the debut of Carl Seeman in Town Hall playing Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Debussy. To say that Seeman was composed, competent and musically somewhat cautious is also to say that the "live" performance adhered very closely to the line of ability set forth in a series of recordings for half a dozen years past. Beginning with six "little" preludes of Bach (C and C minor, D minor and D, E and E minor) which he utilized for an unostentatious but compelling demonstration of pianistic efficiency, Seeman went on to the C minor fantasia of Mozart, and a related sonata in C major, before the E major (opus 109) of Beethoven. Tonal suavity and musical cultivation abound in Seeman's performances, but insufficient interpretative personality.

The other new pianist of the week was Takahiro Sonoda, a youthful Japanese whose instructors include his father (a pupil of Casadeseus) and Marguerite Long. This would suggest the kind of discrimination in sound favored by the French but it did not show up in Sonoda's percussive way with the Bach-Busoni "Chaconne" and the Opus 111 of Beethoven. There was an admirable seriousness in his approach, but it needs more flexibility and relaxation to relieve the shadow of aural austerity which now hangs over it.

The other pianistic S of the week was the familiar, unexotic Rudolf Serkin, who was soloist in a series of performances of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto with the Philharmonic. The large lines and compelling direction of Serkin's playing were characteristic of his artistry, but not so the hardness of sound and tendency toward mannerism which have come into his treatment of this work. The ambiguous role of welcome but unwanted guest conductor was filled by Pierre Monteux, as substitute for the ailing but improving Mitropoulos, with especially good results in Berlioz's "Fantastique."

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Non-Jazz Group Improvisation

Lukas Foss—"the next logical step."

By MAURICE FAULKNER

LOS ANGELES.

SANTA BARBARA was privileged recently to serve as a try-out center for a new concept in non-jazz improvisation, and the small group of music lovers who attended this unusual event went away with a feeling that they were witnessing musical history in the making. Lukas Foss and his colleagues have been at this business for some months and have arrived at a system that requires certain pegs in order to ensure continuity and coherence in thematic ideas, harmonies which fit, counterpoint that serves a rhythmical purpose, and melodic countermelodies that are spontaneous and, above all, match. This is not a simple task, especially when the players must not only improvise harmonies, melodies, counterpoint, and rhythms, but long extended forms as well.

The jazz musician starts off with a given melody in a rather strict form, and is guided by basic chords, which have long been established for that melody. His meanderings and "noodling" can go to great extremes before he returns to home base, but he has guide lines all along the way. The University of California at Los Angeles Improvisation Chamber Ensemble has developed a few guide lines of its own and evolves each work along a previously plotted general guide line, which does not coerce the imagination of the improvisers. In this case, Lukas Foss, piano; Robert Drasnin, flute; Robert Dufallo, clarinet; William Malm, bass clarinet; Eugene Wilson, cello; and Charles DeLancey, percussion.

A melodic row of four notes is used as center tones for the melodic improvisation. This row has an inversion, and there are six of these rows with which the musicians can organize their melodies and harmonies. One should not confuse this idea with the "tonal row" system of composition, for the only relationship this writer could find was the fact that somewhere during the improvisation the center tones of the four-tone row served as an anchor for harmonies and melodies with which the players were working. The harmonies are based upon this row in a subtle fashion, which needs considerable more experience than one concert could give. Counterpoint, too, is worked out on the premise of rhythm and the number of instruments playing. If the ensemble is working with all six instruments, the counterpoint obviously varies more than if three instruments are carrying all the musical elements. Form is established on small postcards that indicate which player is to solo, who is to "follow solo" or play a counter solo to the first, who is to handle harmonic and contrapuntal lines, and who is to pause or rest. The pieces for six instrumentalists appeared to have three sections, wherein the formal parts had a variety of organizational schemes. In addition to the structure for the formal elements, consideration was given to the range and color of the instruments used in each line as well as to the mood and setting of the moment.

THE musicians admit that this is fleeting and transitory music. They also recognize the problems inherent in such experiences. But they have created a stimulating and live experience in musical spontaneity that should become a part of all practicing musicians' training and performance. The tedious score-bound performances, which have become so sterile in our modern concert halls, might be set free if our contemporary musicians were alerted to group improvisations of this type. Foss and his colleagues do not believe that they have necessarily hit upon the only devices to make this possible. Perhaps some other system or systems will be developed that may serve as a basis for creativity of this type. But their attempt to stimulate imaginative music-making of a serious nature appears to be the next logical step in the growth of our great American versatility in instrumental music. The world has come to love our jazz improvisation and now, perhaps, we have something further to offer in the way of serious musicianship.

IT IS hard to describe the sounds that grow out of the ideas which were exposed in the one concert this reviewer heard. According to the musicians, these sounds are always different, although after hearing a number of works, the sounds tended to fit into a group of standard patterns. The instrumentation (consisting of piano, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, cello, and percussion) was selected because these instrumentalists were the most competent for the project, according to Foss. The instrumentation limited the variety of sounds and invention from usurping the same range at the same moment, although passages in thirds and sixths pleasantly appeared from time to time. The emotional tone of the works tended to level off at three moods: the first was that of the incisive, percussive-like angular melodies and pleasant dissonant harmonies of the fast, rhythmical sections; the second was that of the languorous, oftentimes lovely melodic contour of delicate woodwind passages with clean, smooth harmonies in slow tempos; and the third was that of the medium-speed, rolling extended melodies that had a combination of harmonies and counterpoint for the underpinning.

This small combination of instruments is the beginning of an inspired concept in instrumental music. Perhaps it can be extended to the full symphony orchestra although that, at the moment, appears to be remote.

At least the musicians of such an orchestra would have to be some of the most flexible and creative specialists in the universe if they were to be molded together into an improvisatory congregation that would give and take in the elements of music suggested by the UCLA Improvisation Chamber Ensemble. Professional recordings may be the next step for this group, followed by a coast-to-coast tour to introduce its ideas nationally.

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In Memoriam: Fats Navarro

THE course of modern jazz trumpeting has been, for the most part, directed—one might almost say even determined—by the efforts and accomplishments of no more than three musicians: Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Fats Navarro. Of these men, Gillespie and Davis are still in the forefront of musical attention, and their achievements are appreciated to some degree that approaches their full value. Only Navarro, in consequence of his tragic death at twenty-six, seems in danger of critical neglect. One has the impression that the Navarro influence in modern trumpeting is spread, now, not so much through his own work on records as by his disciples: the late Clifford Brown and Donald Byrd, who have (or had in Brown's case) developed their own styles from Navarro. This is probably only natural, for any worthwhile musician will transmute influences into a new style. But there is some danger that Navarro's talent will become obscured by the successes of his followers. This would be most unfortunate as Navarro, at his best, deserves to be ranked with the true masters of his instrument.

Theodore Navarro was born in Key West, Florida, on September 24, 1923. He began his professional career at the age of sixteen when he played tenor saxophone with the Walter Johnson band in Miami, Florida. However, the trumpet was the instrument of his choice and it was while playing trumpet with the Andy Kirk band in 1944 that he was heard by Billy Eckstine. He was searching for a replacement capable of taking Dizzy Gillespie's place in the Eckstine band. It is a tribute to Navarro's ability that Eckstine, after one hearing, had no doubts of Navarro's capability to handle Gillespie's parts. From 1946 until his premature death in 1950 Navarro worked, on an intermittent basis, only with the small bop groups that then dominated the jazz scene. The bulk of his recorded work was produced in those years and it is so pathetically small that it can be obtained virtually *in toto* on four LPs. Unfortunately, Navarro had become addicted to narcotics, which undoubtedly caused him great physical and mental torture. It is said that this further weakened his tubercular condition, thus hastening his death in June 1950.

SUCH are the bare facts of a life only too typical of the bop years, but the greatness of his musicianship is scarcely suggested. Navarro was, of course, a bop musician and his sense of rhythm and harmony were such that only a bop group could give full play to his talents. But of all the bop masters Navarro was, without doubt, the most conservative. For the archetype of bop trumpeting was the style of Gillespie with its sharp, even harsh, sonority and its darting, rapid thrusts of strange harmonic complexity mingled with constant changes in dynamics, often leaping from the low to the high register without the slightest continuity.

NAVARRO's style was, in most respects, the antithesis of this. His tone was large and clear and dynamically he was most at ease in the middle register with some infrequent excursions into the higher ranges of the instrument. This tone was often rather soft, lacking the nervous harshness and intensity which were, and for that matter are, so characteristic of bop trumpeting. But the most outstanding qualities of Navarro's musicianship were his logic and continuity. Any solo of Navarro's is immediately striking by the continuity of ideas and the way in which his ideas are developed with a logical form in which one idea seems to follow from another by an almost irresistible necessity. Gillespie's playing often seems to progress from idea to idea without any very evident connection between the parts of the solo. With Navarro, on the other hand, this is never the case. Each solo seems completely thought out and calculated to produce an impression of inherent flow and development. Almost any of Navarro's recordings demonstrates these qualities but "Lady Bird" (Blue Note BLP 1532) and "Jabhero" (Blue Note BLP 1532) exhibit them in pristine purity.

It is, of course, futile to speculate upon the development of Navarro's talent had he lived. An examination of his recordings reveals, I think, that Navarro's full capability was never realized. The essential tragedy of Navarro's career lies precisely in this fact. For there is an evenness of quality in Navarro's recorded work that is startling to find in an artist of his caliber. There is almost no development or change in the style of his work from beginning to end. It is as though he had already arrived at his artistic goal, in so far as the development of a style goes, at the very beginning of his artistic life with little or no development to take place later. Yet the thought still remains that Navarro's ability might well have forced further modifications in this style had he lived longer. For the troubling thing about Navarro's recordings is that they convince one of the man's essential greatness as a musician while, for all their excellent moments, none of his

(*Continued on page 77*)

Navarro (left) with Miles Davis—"deserves to be ranked with the true masters of his instrument."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Harry Arnold + Big Band + Quincy Jones = Jazz!" Emarcy MG 36139, $3.98. "Quincy's Home Again"; "The Midnight Sun Never Sets"; "Cherokee"; "Count 'Em"; "Brief Encounter"; "Room 608"; "Kinda Blues"; "Meet Benny Bailey"; "Doodlin'."	The unmanageable title applies to a collaboration of the American arranger, Quincy Jones, and a Swedish jazz combination directed by Harry Arnold. Of the sixteen who make up the band, some are familiar: Ake Persson, trombone; Arne Domnerus, saxophone; Bengt Hallberg, piano; Rolf Berg, guitar. The music comes close to American big band jazz with Basie, Ellington, Lionel Hampton, and Woody Herman easily traceable as points of reference. As with American workshop productions—the "workshop" band assembles at a studio, for recording only—the music seems to be reaching for the period when the big band was more than an electronic phantom, expressing a vitality that only contact with live audiences could give. Without that contact, the machine functions glibly, displaying excellent rhythmic pulsation, polished section work, well-organized solos, and no personality at all.
"Yambu." Mongo Santamaria y sus Ritmo Afro-Cubanos. Fantasy 3267, $3.98, Stereo $4.98. "Yeye"; "Congobel"; "Macunsere"; "Timbales & Bongo"; "Yambu"; "Bricamo"; "Longoito"; "Conga Pa Gozar"; "Mi Guaguanco"; "Columbia."	This LP is truer to the spirit of Afro-Cuban music than many that have appeared of late, perhaps because it is all percussion—no saxophones, trumpets, trombones, and celestes. The Afro-Cuban *cadre* is eloquent enough on its own: Santamaria and Francisco Aguabella, conga and bass conga, plus smaller percussion instruments (rattles, and quinto, or wood box); Pablo Mozo, sticks, cowbells, triangle; Willie Bobo, snare, tom tom, timbales (a set of tuned drums, a bit larger than bongo drums); Carlos Vidal and Modesto Duran, conga drums. The total effect is of a lively conversation carried on without let, but with shifts of timbre and tempo to give emphasis to individual statements.
"The Chico Hamilton Quintet with Strings Attached." Warner Brothers BS 1245, Stereo, $5.98. "Something to Live For"; "Andante"; "Speak Low"; "Pottsville, U.S.A."; "Strange"; "Modes"; others.	Lush stereo recording that gives particular emphasis to tones of the cello as played by Nat Gershman, a member of the Quintet. "Pottsville, U.S.A." comes out as a pretty delightful piece of melody; "Strange," by John La Touche, is an eerie piece of mood writing well stressed by Hamilton's drumming. There's a total tastefulness about the whole business, however, that leaves this listener a trifle impatient, waiting for something to happen; it's as if this were string music to listen to string music by.
"Monday Night at Birdland." Roulette R-52015, $3.98. "Walkin' "; "All the Things You Are"; "Bag's Groove"; "There Will Never Be Another You."	Since these are taped bands of extended Birdland performances, it would probably be not altogether fair to judge efforts of the house musicians to keep sound alive for the paying customers. If there is a style to this kind of game, it can be described as a continuous striving for hard tonalities relentlessly maintained. The blowers who work at this business—two tenor saxes, trombone, and trumpet—climb up and down scales for as long as their breath holds, and that is long enough.
"Dixieland from St. Louis." Sammy Gardner and His Mound City Six. Everest Stereo SDBR 1002, $5.95. "Washington & Lee Swing"; "Tin Roof Blues"; "At the Jazzband Ball"; "South"; "Memphis Blues"; "Hindustan"; "Jazz Me Blues"; "West End Blues"; others.	Jim Haislip plays trombone; Bob Sprecher, cornet; Chuck Kreigh, drums; Wally Eckhardt, bass; Bob Dorries, piano; Joe Sabatino, banjo; Gardner, clarinet. Their handling of several vintage offerings from the repertoire is brash and gutty. Almost the only inhibition displayed in their approach to the music is their tendency to shy away from anything less than *fff*. The tonalities of reeds and brasses are from the old school; gravelly, and loaded with vibrato. Good stereo balance and excellent recording capture the spirit of driving, youthful performance.
"Reunion." Dave Brubeck Quintet. Fantasy 3268, $3.98; Stereo, $4.98. "Strolling"; "Shouts"; "Prelude"; "Divertimento"; "Chorale"; "Leo's Place"; "Darien Mode"; "Pieta."	Brubeck, Paul Desmond, and David Van Kriedt of the original Octet are joined by drummer Joe Morello and bassist Norm Bates to form a Brubeck Quintet. "Chorale" and "Prelude" suggest the earlier Brubeck recordings, and have little more to offer than pat restatements, set to rhythm, of constructions already pretty well worked out by certain classic composers. "Strolling" and "Leo's Place" find the group in a more relaxed, less self-conscious moment. There is some dextrous drumming in "Shouts."
"Wild Bill Davis Swings Hit Songs from 'My Fair Lady'." Davis and Trio. Everest Stereo SDBR 1014, $5.95. "Get Me to the Church on Time"; "I Could Have Danced All Night"; "The Rain in Spain"; others.	This listener isn't partial to the electric organ, swung or just sitting there, but will concede that Davis can extract a zesty beat from its wiring system. He is accompanied by Jo Jones, drums; Maurice Simon, tenor saxaphone; Milt Hinton, string bass.
"The Bob Graf Sessions." Delmar DL 401, $4.98. "Street of Dreams"; "Dear Old Stockholm"; "Stella by Starlight"; "Alley Blues."	The first two selections were presented at a concert at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri; the second side was recorded at Peacock Alley with members of the Modern Music St. Louis Jazz Club attending. There is something so deferential about the attack of these musicians that it's pretty hard to imagine what they thought they were doing. They'd better come back for another try when they've worked it out.
"Operation Jazz." Roost OJ 1, $4.98. "Potter's Luck"; "Crossing the Channel"; "Flyin' Home"; "Bud's Bubble"; "Air Conditioning"; "Frankie and Johnny Fantasy"; "Chris and Diz"; others.	This is an exasperating record, as some of its nuggets are well worth while, and should have been reissued. The names are all impressive, anthology-wise: Charlie Parker, Stan Getz, Horace Silver, Oscar Pettiford, Bud Powell, Art Tatum, Erroll Garner, Kai Winding, Jay Johnson, Dizzy Gillespie. But there is no label information; no personnels; no reference back to the date or original recordings. Some of the material is so poorly reproduced, and so tinny, as to suggest pre-tape, acetate home recordings. These leave something to be desired. So too, does an early vocal by Harry Belafonte, "Lean on Me," with Machito "featured," which one suspects is thrown in by way of name-dropping.
"The King of New Orleans Jazz." Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers. RCA Victor LPM 1649, 3.98. "Black Bottom Stomp"; "The Chant"; "Smokehouse Blues"; "Sidewalk Blues No. 2 and 3"; "Steamboat Stomp"; others.	This is for those collectors who have occasionally been frustrated by the catch-as-catch-can reissue techniques of RCA Victor in regard to certain jazz classics from their archives. It contains some of Jelly Roll's best, further embellished by alternate masters, or takes, of several titles. George Hoefer's liner copy is model for the job at hand; he has taken the trouble to set down time, place, and personnels.
"Dee Lawson 'Round Midnight." Roulette R-52017, $3.98. "'Round Midnight"; "Unforgettable"; "In Other Words"; "All Day Sunday"; "If the Moon Turns Green"; "Bewitched"; others.	From this recording, it's pretty hard to tell what Dee Lawson's voice really sounds like; if it is a voice, it must be half-microphone. The mike placement is so close that her chords vibrate like strings over a very limited range of expression. Some sterling accompaniment is supplied by musicians Eddie Safranski, bass; Willie Rodriguez, drums; Don Lomond, drums and vibes; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Artie Baker, bass clarinet. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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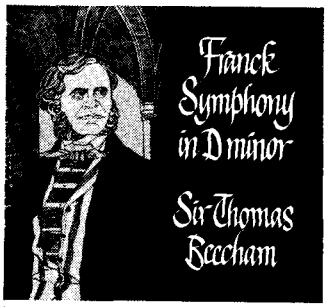

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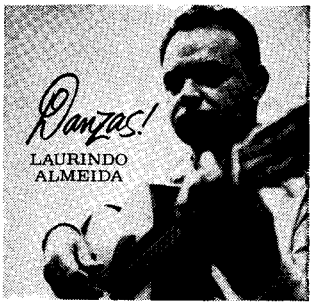

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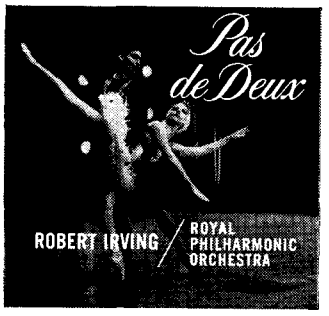

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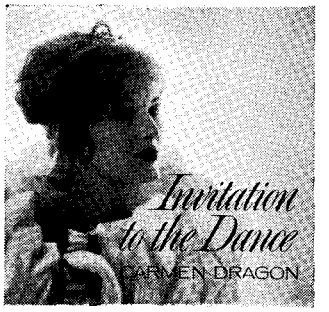

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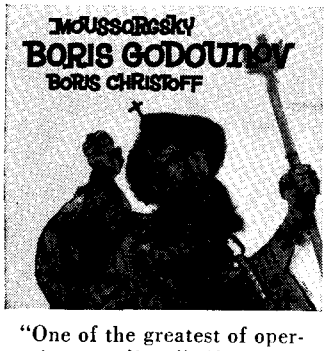

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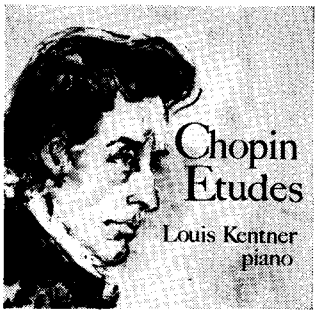

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Jazz Over Tokyo

Tokyo.

"THERE'S jazz all over Tokyo," a friend had assured me, before I arrived here. "The Japanese are as crazy over it as they are over cameras." I was dubious. The only Japanese jazz expatriate I had heard in the United States was Toshiko, the pianist, who played as though she had grown up on player-piano rolls cut by Bud Powell. I had felt about her as I feel about acrobats who play trombones while doing half-gainers and back-flips. Once the experience has been absorbed, one need not have it again. The few Japanese jazz records issued by American companies had been uniformly disappointing.

In the course of a week of listening to jazz and jazz records, I all but changed my mind. The principal catalyst was Al Ricketts, a civilian who serves as entertainment editor and writes a column for the Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. "There *is* a bit of jazz in this city," he said, "if you can find it—and that sometimes takes some doing. The Japanese love to dance like Americans. Most of the good jazz musicians here must play for dancing—jazz itself has yet to develop an audience. There are several very fine players, but they are featured with the big dance bands, or with combos, and they get a chance to get off and show what they can do only five or six times a night. And they're mainly entertainers—that is, their solos are specialties, parts of the floor shows.

"There are two or three big bands of real merit," Ricketts went on. "The Tokyo Cuban Boys—they're Afro-Cuban oriented, a bit like Machito in the States, or Perez Prado. A strong, loose, gutty band with a good rhythm section. Then there's an outfit called The Sharps and Flats—Herman-oriented, or Kentonian. The Star Dusters are not bad.

There is a pretty good Louis Armstrong-style trumpeter, Fumio Nanri, who leads a band called The Hot Peppers. A more modern group is called The Cozy Quartet Plus One, and another is The Westliners—they play 'West Coast' stuff. Imitation is still widely practiced; it's the main characteristic of Japanese jazz. We even had one singer who called herself Ella Vaughan. Her real name was Kiyoko Maruyama, and she did sound a bit like both Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald.

"The most flagrant imitations you will find in the bands that imitate the Stateside rock'n'roll. Many people here believe that music is jazz. There is one place, the Tennessee Tea Room, that runs rock-a-billy music all day long, beginning at 10:30 a.m. and lasting until midnight. You might stop by there. Every once in a while they have a lapse from their standard bad taste and ring in a jazz group, someone like Shoji Suzuki and his Rhythm Aces. He's the Benny Goodman of Japan."

That night my partner, Richard Reinhold, the photographer, and I stopped by the Tennessee Tea Room. "I wonder," Reinhold said, as the attendants were bowing and snatching our coats, "if they play 'The Japanese Sandman?'" They did not, but they did play imitations — unreasonable imitations—of every dreadful record with which the Los Angeles radio stations had assaulted us just before we left the States: neo-Latin American numbers, hillbilly, rock-a-billy, and just plain caterwauling. The musicians wore orange-red coats reaching almost to their knees and sharpie trousers, and their girlish faces were topped by oily, carefully touseled hair, marcelled to look like Elvis's or Ricky Nelson's. When a Japanese girl sings "Rove me or reave me, or ret me be ronery" it is charming; but when these miniature men do "Mambo Rock" (it sounded like "Mambo Lock" to me) they succeed only in emphasizing the latent homosexuality that is evident in the unconscious parodies of genuine folk music on which the States rock'n'roll stars have built their reputations.

THE next evening's quest, in Ricketts's company, was a bit more fruitful, once we had consumed an hour hunting for a club called Harem, where the Tokyo Cuban Boys were playing. Harem is decorated in what might be called Japanese-Byzantine style, and is impressive, if only for this curious blending of interior decoration. As soon as we were seated we were joined by three tittering little hostesses who, for 1,000 yen per half hour apiece, made certain that our beer was poured, our cigarettes lighted, and that we did not have to dance with each other.

The Tokyo Cuban Boys were all that Ricketts had promised. They play with an abandoned attack that is at once precise yet loose; the saxophones are a bit thin by American standards,

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—*Adlai Stevenson*

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but the brass has a good ripping sound and it screams satisfactorily. The rhythm is both assertive and complicated.

Our next stop was Copacabana, the principal attractions of which were a group of Australian amazons who did acrobatic dances and a tenor saxophonist named Sleepy Matsumoto, Japan's foremost jazz musician. Sleepy, who explained that he is called that because he looks sleepy, played several solos with the big dance band (I did not catch its name, and my notes, made in the semidarkness, are illegible); his style was that of Coleman Hawkins with modern, Youngish overtones, and I felt that he was making a sincere effort to evolve something of his very own. He doubled on flute. Later he joined us and showed that he is burdened by that automatic modesty that characterizes all jazz musicians abroad when they speak of Americans. He said that he felt that he was not yet good enough to play in the States.

MOST of the clubs in Tokyo close by 2:00 A.M., but there are after-hours joints where one sometimes may hear jam sessions. We visited two of those and found no jazz to speak of, let alone write about. The next morning we went with Ricketts to a recording session at the King Record Company. King records most of the jazz issued in Japan. That day, a girl named Chiemi Eri was cutting some bands with the Sharps and Flats. In some respects she gave us the best jazz we heard in Japan. A musician clear through, she hits each note squarely in a husky, full voice, warm and emotional. The Sharps and Flats supported the voice with colorful, deep saxophones and muted brass. It was apparent that Miss Eri had been influenced mainly by June Christy before the latter discovered the commercial possibilities of singing flat, but the Japanese girl has not gone the same way. She sings as Billie Holiday might have if she had been born twenty years later. During a break a few of the musician came over to where we were standing, and one of them summed up the Tokyo jazz situation as it struck me. "We are still very young, very imitative," he said. "We lack original arrangers—so, many of the men who write for our bands and combos do nothing but copy Americans.

"But as our technical proficiency expands it encourages the younger men to experiment with ideas. That applies to individual musicians as well as to the writers. In another five or ten years we may have something really good of our own."

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

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Fats Navarro

Continued from page 71

solos are masterpieces in the sense in which Gillespie's "The Champ" is, or, in a different style, Miles Davis's "Bag's Groove."

Perhaps Navarro's musical career would have ended in failure and he might never have gone beyond his initial achievements. Such speculation is idle. But it is not idle to grant Navarro the credit he greatly deserves for providing an alternative to the exclusive domination of the jazz trumpet by the almost impenetrably personal styles of Gillespie and Davis. Thus it was possible for younger trumpeters, such as Clifford Brown, to develop their own style from the influences of Davis and Gillespie by way of Navarro.

IT IS this catalytic quality of Navarro's art that is perhaps most apparent today. Yet, it is scarcely fair to Navarro's great talent that he be viewed merely as a reagent to assist puzzled young musicians. Navarro's work in itself is consistently of an extremely high order, missing greatness only by an edge. Certainly anyone interested in studying the work of a master craftsman will find great satisfaction in listening to Fats Navarro. As it is Navarro seems likely to become a sort of bop Tommy Ladnier remembered by a few jazz scholars, but forgotten by the jazz world. It seems important to remember that he was also an artist and musician of the first order. —H. A. WOODFIN.

FEATURING FATS NAVARRO:

"NOSTALGIA," Savoy MG 12133, $4.98. *"Nostalgia," "Barry's Bop," "Be-Bop Romp," "Fats Blows," others. With Art Blakey, drums; Dexter Gordon, tenor; Tadd Dameron, piano; Eddie Davis, tenor.*

"FATS, BUD, KLOOK, SONNY, KINNEY." Savoy MG 12011, $4.98. *"Fat Boy," "Webb City," "Everything's Cool," "Be-Bop Carroll," "Serenade to a Square," others. With Bud Powell, piano; Kenny Clarke, drums; Sonny Stitt, alto; Kinney Dorham, trumpet.*

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He plays the words, as well as the notes

ROGER WILLIAMS

When Carl Sandburg submitted his first poems for publication, he told the publisher: "You may have seen better poetry than mine — and I am sure you have seen poetry much worse than mine — but I am certain that you have never seen poetry quite like mine."

And there has never been a pianist quite like Roger Williams. He has sold more records than any other popular pianist who ever lived. You know why the minute you hear him play, yet it's hard to put the reasons on paper. Williams has good taste without blemish, a command and technique that leave you goggle-eyed, and a quaint notion that every record he makes must be pure perfection. Classically trained, he gives many people the impression that they are hearing classical music when he plays a simple popular song.

But perhaps his most important — and elusive — quality is that he "sings" the notes of the piano. When Roger records he uses no music. He has arranged his music and *learned the words* of his song, and his phrasing is that of a singer. *He plays the words* as well as the notes.

Many popular song pianists, of course, use a tune as a point of departure. The melody and chordal structure are just a jump-off for their improvisations. Occasionally the song may poke its head in for a brief re-appearance, but generally it's done with before the first eight bars are over.

Not Williams. He doesn't change the song — he adds to it. He always lets you hear the melody. But he burnishes and be-jewels it, each piece in its own manner. The delicate filigree of his Autumn Leaves is a thousand miles away from the rocking, rock-like bass figure of Near You. Yet they both wear the mark of Williams' thoughtfulness, and they both gleam with his musicianship.

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HOVHANESS: *"Lousadzak" Concerto No. 1 for Piano and String Orchestra; Maro Ajemian, piano, Carlos Surinach and the MGM String Orchestra. Concerto No. 2 for Violin and String Orchestra; Anahid Ajemian, violin, Carlos Surinach conducting the MGM String Orchestra.* MGM 3674, $4.98.

WHILE eleven years separate the final versions of these two Hovhaness Concerti, one should be wary in drawing conclusions about his progress and development from this contrast. The first is a product of his discovery, assimilation, and absorption of the Armenian idiom. It was composed in 1944, and is entirely preoccupied with the monophonic, melismatic, melodic flow of ancient Armenian chant. He evokes imitations of such instruments as the *kanoon*, the *oud*, and the *saz*. But it is a logical, sincere, and entirely satisfactory evocation of an almost archaic music. It is neither imitative nor phony. It is no carbon copy of some pseudo-Oriental folk music.

As in a previous recording of this work, issued on a Dial disc, the soloist is the sympathetic performer, Maro Ajemian. It takes more than the affinity of bloodstream to play a work of this sort so successfully. With the exception of Henry Cowell's superb Persian Set, I can think of no contemporary work, almost entirely evolved monophonically, that can excite such profoundly moving emotions.

The second work, Hovhaness's Concerto for Violin and String Orchestra, is based largely on a previous work for strings called "Sivas," which was performed successfully by Stokowski. In its new form, the solo violin is given greater prominence, and several (four to be exact) new movements have been added to the original work. A Concerto, as Hovhaness interprets the term, is a rather loose assemblage of movements, not unrelated to the concept of either Bach or Handel.

Were it made of fewer movements this Concerto might be a more satisfactory work, for what is said—and quite beautifully—is merely said over again. But the slow choral-like movements are none the less beautiful for being sung more than once. And taken of themselves they are tranquilly lovely. For a brief moment, Hovhaness includes here a free passage of strings playing in a multitudinous, improvisational soaring—free and unbridled in meter, phrase, and in any exactness of notes. The result is like a miniature ode to a proverbial west wind.

BOTH the Concerto for Violin and Strings and that for Piano and Strings are strong and flavorful works; both are deftly conducted by Carlos Surinach, who is developing a particular way with such music. MGM has done a fine job here, and has brought us sounds not pinched or dried. It is a finely presented recording. Anahid Ajemian, sister of the pianist Maro, is the sympathetic and skilful violinist in the latter. To these two perceptive sisters one should be grateful, for they not only performed contemporary works sympathetically, but have had a hand in commissioning many important American works. Such aesthetic perception deserves our gratitude. —OLIVER DANIEL.

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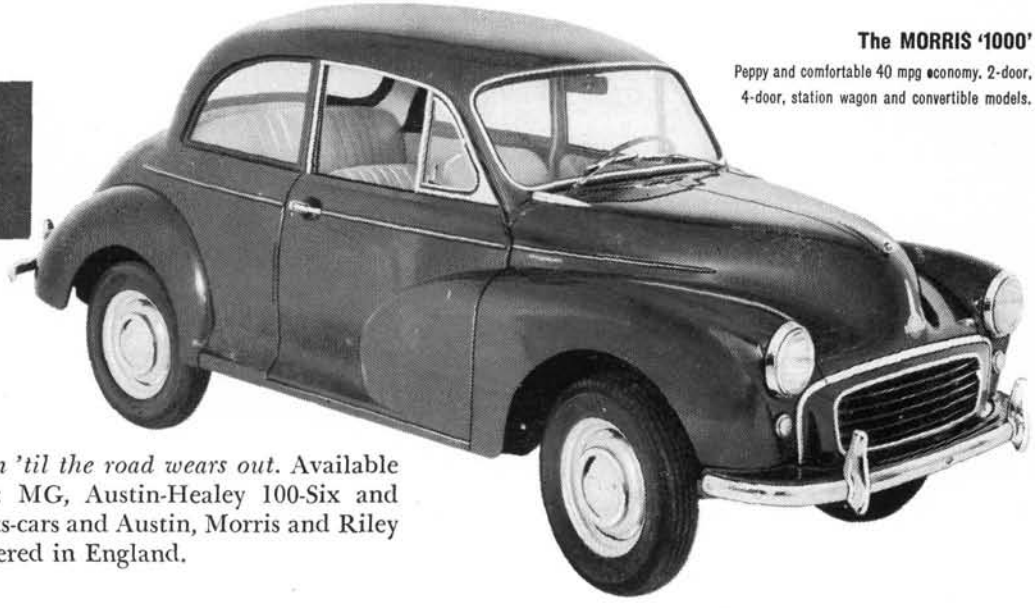

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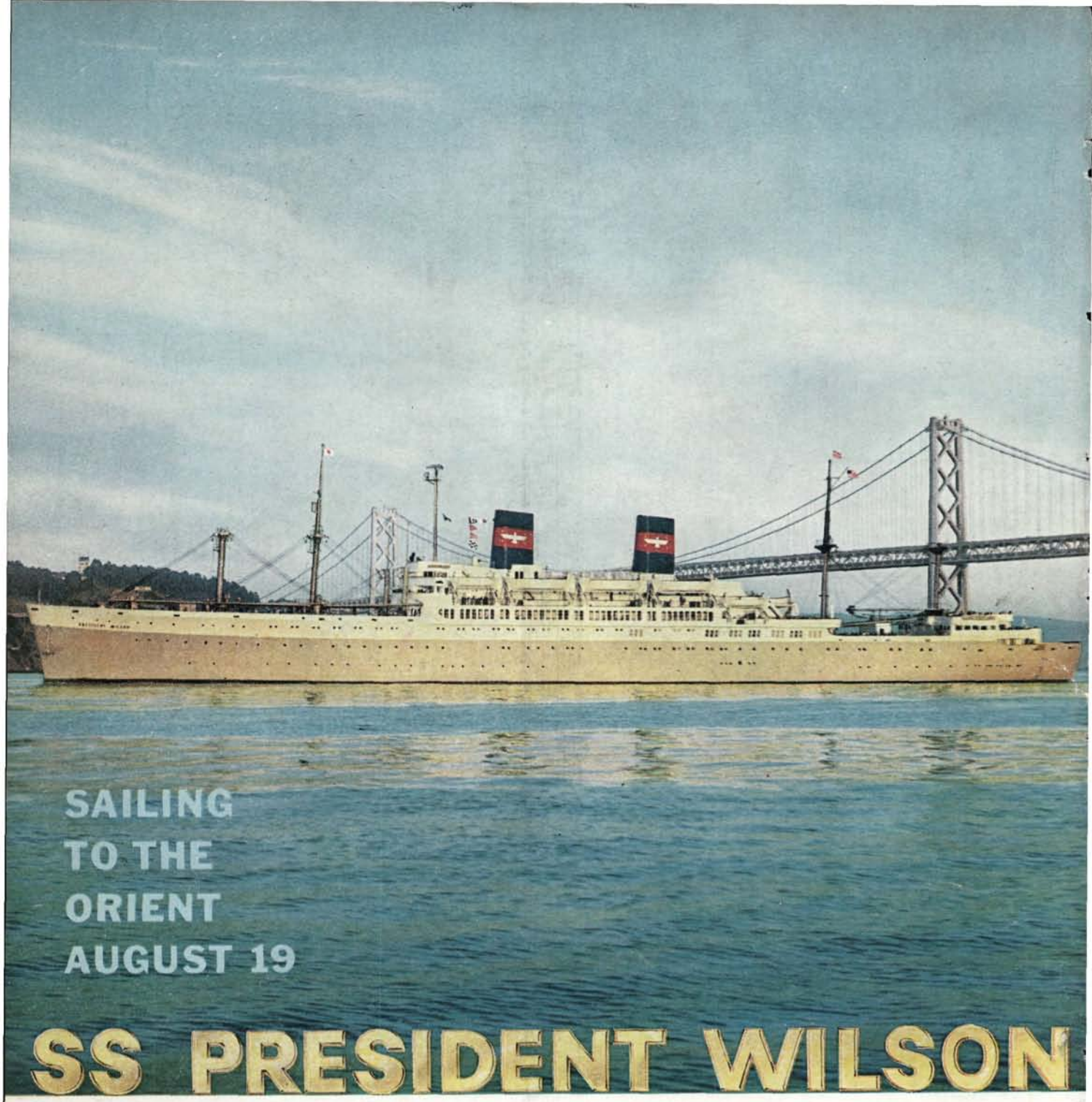

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